

# Current Literature

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*"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing...  
...but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne

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Arrangements have been made with The Authors' Alliance for the periodical publication in Short Stories of the syndicated work of the best fiction writers. The September number will contain work by Kipling, Sarah Orne Jewett, Sofi Bini, and Wm. Clark Russell. The Famous Story for the month will be Sheridan Le Fanu's weird medical study entitled Green Tea. Sketch writers will be interested in the Etching contest, announced in the advertising pages, for which gold premiums are offered. Short Stories and Current Literature in combination to one or different addresses \$5.00.

### The Use of Dialect....Arthur T. Quiller Couch....London Speaker

An essay of some interest might be written on the use of dialect in fiction. Most English and American novelists use it, and some with very considerable effect. This in itself—as most people will agree—is a healthy sign; for it means that "literary English" still draws on popular idiom for new vigor, and therefore is alive and growing. "No language," says Mr. Lowell, "after it has faded into diction, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigor and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man. . . . There is death in the dictionary." The last statement is a trifle too strong, for a man may do his writing a world of good by reading in the dictionary now and then. But on the whole Mr. Lowell seems right. It a good thing, therefore, that an author should study and exercise himself in one or more dialects. But I am not quite so sure it is good for his readers; at any rate, he is apt to try his readers rather hard. Two men out of three dislike a page of dialect and not one woman

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in a thousand can abide it. A lady of much shrewdness and candor confessed to me, the other day, that she simply could not read those of Scott's novels that contained it (that is to say, almost all the best), though she delighted in the rest even to the fourth and fifth reading. This was rather astonishing, as I had supposed the faculty of understanding and enjoying Lowland Scots to be acquired by most people in the nursery. Perhaps it would be better to say that I had supposed the dialect of Scott's best beloved characters to come easily to every English child by inherited aptitude. "Je définis un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs, ou encore une langue toute jeune et qui n'a pas fait fortune." This is Sainte-Beuve's definition and obviously Lowland Scots does not come within it. It is rather "une ancienne langue qui a fait fortune." Scott and Burns and the ballad-writers have made it more than a dialect. Nevertheless it seems to be read with difficulty by some. I will own, too, that I never move easily in the first twenty or thirty pages of a new book of Mr. Barrie's. It is rather like experimenting with a saw on a log of some unfamiliar wood: the teeth catch and jerk the operator miserably. I understand that Mr. Barrie's dialect is carefully true and certainly, at page thirty or thereabouts, it begins to be delightful; but I want to know if we are not inclined to be too downright in this matter, and if we ought to strive after accuracy in a spirit so uncompromising. To begin with, in most dialects it is impossible to be quite accurate. Our English alphabet will not reproduce the sounds, especially the vowel-sounds, combine we never so wisely. Let me take the Northumbrian as an instance. I am quite sure nobody has written, or can ever write, in that dialect with the twenty-six letters at our service. Yorkshire is better, and the Brontës are allowed to have written one kind of it almost to perfection; but even in *Wuthering Heights* there are dozens of sounds that have to be taken for granted, and the southerner who tries to read a page of that book aloud will perpetrate a score of blunders. With Lancashire we are luckier, because everybody who goes to a theatre must be familiar with the sound of it. Why every countryman on the stage, whether supposed to hail from Essex or Devonshire, should talk the broadest Lancashire, is more than I can say. Perhaps somebody will explain. I can only think of two exceptions to this amazing

rule. One of these is of course the admirable study of dialect to which we were treated in *A Pair of Spectacles* at the Garrick Theatre, and the other is Miss Florence St. John who thrills me with the broadest Zummerzett whenever I have the pleasure to listen to her; to hear her sing it as Madame Favart was a joy that no West-countryman is likely to forget. To return to the point—I contend that there is scarcely a single patois, the sound of which can be reproduced, or adequately suggested, on paper by means of the twenty-six letters at our disposal. What, then, is to be done? It would appear, on first thoughts, that we should aim at getting as near the sound as possible. But this (I begin to believe) is the great mistake. After all, the first duty of a book is to be readable; and the nearer we approach to the sounds of our dialect the further do we get from our reader's comprehension; for we have to distort the words, to chop them short, to lengthen them again, to insert here an apostrophe and there a diæresis until the page begins to look like a "puzzle column" in a cheap newspaper. As one who can speak in Cornish very much more easily than in "literary English," and who has learnt to repent of some excesses in that dialect, let me make a confession. I started with the notion that what I had to do was to reproduce the sounds. Rather than afflict readers with specimens which even my dearest friends flatly refused to read, let me present them with the following verses, written by a man whose mastery of this particular dialect is beyond dispute—

"'Twas Kendle teenin', when jung Mal Treloare  
Trudged hum from Bal, a bucken copper ore;  
Her clathing hard an' ruff, black was her eye,  
He face and arms like stuff from Cairn Kye.  
Full butt she met jung Saundry Kemp, who long  
She'd a-been token'd to, come from Ding Dong;  
She said, 'Oh, Kemp, I thoft o' thes well leer,  
Thees naw that daay we wor to Bougheeheere,  
That day wi' ale an' cakes, at three o'clock,  
Thees stuffed me so, I jist neen crack'd me dock. . . ."

This is not nearly difficult enough to be true but quite enough to be unreadable. And the moral is that we must leave the sounds of a dialect alone and stick to the idioms, which, after all, are the important matter. It is risky, just now, to praise any living writer. If we say that we admire Thomas Hardy's work we shall probably be accused, next

week, of being a crew of propagandists, trying to cram Hardy down somebody's throat. In a fortnight we shall learn that we call Hardy "the Master" among ourselves, and make mysterious genuflexions whenever we speak of him. But perhaps I may be allowed to say that Hardy is about the only writer who, from the beginning, has written in dialect so as to be always readable and always accurate. And his method is to go straight for the idiom and suggest the sound by but a few faint indications. Of course all dialects that are worth study contain many words that are not found in polite speech, and an objector will say, "How can your page be made readable as long as it contains these words? You can't expect us to be continually turning to a glossary at the end of the book, or breaking off to consult a footnote." And it may be admitted that glossaries and footnotes are alike detestable. But an enormous majority of these words will either be found to carry their meaning with them, or will be remembered as old friends that once upon a time belonged to literary English but, for some reason or another, have dropped out: so that in practice this difficulty will hardly be felt. On the whole it would seem that a writer may very easily try to do too much with dialect, and that the ordinary reader, who refuses to wrestle with a crabbed and cabalistic paragraph and will not have the diæresis at any price, has a good amount of right on his side.

**The Modern Heroine in Fiction....Octave Thanet....Denver Republican**

I am frequently asked, Do you think that the heroine of fiction is improving morally? Such an inquiry is not so trivial as it may seem; since, after all, the moral trend of an age is reflected most faithfully in its fiction. For instance, take *Tom Jones*—what a picture of the eighteenth century brutalities! Had we been invited to Squire Western's table we could not have a much clearer notion of these sots, who yet are always men of courage, and, on occasions, men of honor. Or take *Sir Charles Grandison*, where the letters should be dizzy, of right, since they help the hero through so many bows (I forget the exact number, but it is high in the hundreds) and where the language is as fine as the clothes—how we appreciate our ancestors' ideals of good breeding! Oh, I know, Richardson showed the book to Mrs. Delany and she found so many faults with the manners of the people of

fashion depicted, that he exclaimed testily, "Then it were best to throw the whole thing in the fire;" and Lady Mary Montagu jeered at his tinsel; but wasn't it commended by the bishops and given to all good girls, and doesn't it show the middle-class notion of the proper behavior of the great, just the same? In the inquiry at hand, I shall confine myself to the novel, and to the novel in English. Let us, then, consider what kind of a creature the earlier novelists introduced to our tears and affections. The earliest novelist we encounter is Mrs. Aphra Behn. Her heroines may go by default, since Oronoka, a book that was once on every lady's dressing-table, now would find it hard to get through the mails. Mrs. Heywood, her successor, would hardly fare better. But without rumpling the leaves of forgotten romances, look at the first masters of English fiction; there are Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, Richardson, Sterne. Fielding's Amelia, Thackeray pronounced "the sweetest and kindest lady in the world," which she surely is, although a thought insipid; but how is it with the others? Shall we accept Sophia Western as a model, who is content (yes and very grateful) to get that boisterous, drunken, mean-minded swashbuckler of a Tom Jones for a husband? Do you like Richardson's impeccable heroines any better? Certainly these ladies are virtuous—just as a wax doll may be pretty—but do you imagine one of them, even Clarissa Harlowe, taking a large, generous view of life, being honorable or magnanimous or tolerant? Clarissa scolds Lovelace very primly when he swears, but she sees no harm in reviling her own family to her friends; she has no pity for her oppressed mother and never was even a heroine of fiction so bereft of ordinary common sense; she will not apply to a magistrate, she will not fly with a friend, no, she will do nothing except write long sentences full of fine phrases and wait for a miracle—that does not come! Then there is Pamela, who is overwhelmed with gratitude when her master is not a brute, and quite meek and patient when he is: "It is for you to say what you please, and for me only to say, God bless your honor." And how obsequiously she thanks him for his vast condescension in marrying her, and begs him to "be indulgent to the impertinent overflowings of my grateful heart." Is it a woman or a spaniel that is talking? The lovely Harriet, Sir Charles Grandison's Harriet, is chiefly noticeable for her

"exquisite sensibility" and her extraordinary gift for swoons. Indeed, she faints almost as much as he bows. Neither Defoe nor Smollett can claim quarter from modern critics for their heroines on the score of morality. It is hardly fair to class Lady Vane, whose unutterable memoirs Smollett incorporated into *Perigrine Pickle*, among his heroines. Thank heaven! bad as we may be, such a chapter is impossible in an English novel to-day. Yet listen to the author's sonorous complacency in the prefix, "flattering himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate readers into a trespass on the rules of decorum!" I dare say Yorick flattered himself on the same point; but no modern reader is likely to praise the Widow Wadman or Mrs. Shandy as a moral heroine. Perhaps, however, I should not pick out the giants, but rather select one of the industrious Susan Fielding's novels or some other of the multitude of minor romances that one encounters in Lord Chesterfield's or Walpole's or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's correspondence. But how like they all are! And how like the best of them are, too, the heroines of a generation or two later, when Miss Jane Porter and Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis shall march their puppets on the stage. Admire them, O gentle reader, these heroines who are made only to be loved, to weep and to faint! They pass through a hundred heart-quaking adventures without lifting a finger to save themselves (such is the exquisite and feminine modesty of their temperaments!) and they believe every lie told them, however preposterous (such is their beautiful trustfulness!) and they are always rescued by the noble hero in the last chapter but one—the last chapter is consecrated to wedding bells! Two traits all the heroines of seventeenth and eighteenth-century fiction have in common, the frankness, not to say coarseness of their minds and their limited moral horizon. Our ancestors' heroine is a good, religious, docile girl; above all, she is docile; and the dear girl's charity for the erring sex is as pliable and exhaustless as her credulity. Think how the vicar's daughter in the *Vicar of Wakefield* received the gossip about young Thornhill's "conquests." "Their features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor," says the honest vicar, "was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue." Well, you know the rest of the tale; there is not a

sorrier profligate in fiction than young Thornhill; he betrays one daughter, tries to carry off the other by force, persecutes the father, and flings the brother into prison to avoid accepting his challenge. Detected, he crawls and whines. Then, finding truckling useless, he laughs at decency, and will keep his betrothed's fortune by a legal trick, though she refuses to marry him. Yet, in the end, we are told that Olivia still remembers him with regret, and "when he reforms she may be brought to relent." Can anything, also, exceed the astounding celerity with which Miss Wilmott transfers her affections from one gentleman to another? "O goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how I have been deceived!" and presto change! she is walking off on George's arm to be married! In truth the feminine morality was nearly as cramped as the feminine education; Mrs. Primrose, you remember, "could read any English book without much spelling." The truth is, the age was coarse; and the heroines of fiction could not help reflecting their models in real life. Besides, the poor things were handicapped by all the author's minor prejudices; they were coarse and prudish in a breath. With Scott and Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth there is a tremendous change. Contrast *Rebecca* with *Pamela*—*Pamela*, who would not have killed herself in any emergency because—but you will remember how properly she expresses herself on suicide. Do you suppose that *Rebecca* would have faltered in telling a lie to get her father out of *Front de Bœuf*'s dungeons? Or do you suppose Richardson's housemaid would have told a lie to save all England? No; she was a good girl who knew her catechism and didn't pick and choose between the Commandments and the supplementary duties enjoined by the church. She did right, not because it was right, but because she was told to do it, and she was quite as careful to "order herself lowly and reverently to all her betters" as to keep her "hands from picking and stealing." *Rebecca*—fancy those melancholy clear eyes of *Rebecca* fixed on worldly distinctions! Since we are on the theme, compare *Pamela* within her own rank of life, as religious and scrupulous as she—with *Jeannie Deans*, who will not perjure herself to save her sister's life, but will walk afoot to London for it and win it with as much sense as courage. Cannot any one see a moral advance? Can any one deny, either, that the advance was kept up by Thackeray,

George Eliot, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Craik? The heroines of these writers are not only incomparably more refined, they have natures as much nobler and broader as they are freer than the women over whose passive sufferings our grandmothers wept. They mark a change in ideals. I will admit that Thackeray's womankind is the apotheosis of Harry Fielding's; that Henry Esmond's "dear lady" was not worthy to marry that gentle and high-souled gentleman; that Ethel Newcome, dearly as she makes us love her, did not act as became her uncle's niece; that Amelia Dobbin was silly and weak, and that even the heroic, tender Little Sister could keep a peevish jealousy of Philip's wife; but—what sweet and pure and noble women the best of them are, and how much pleasanter they would have been to live with than Amelia or Clarissa Harlowe or Sophy Primrose! And I am equally ready to admit that most of Dickens' heroines are almost too good to live and quite too good to live with. They recall Mr. Richardson's lavish perfections, but some of them have a modern elevation and breadth of nature, such as Lizzie Hexam, Betsy Trotwood, or Agnes Copperfield. I will not say a word for Mr. Reade's cats masquerading as women, except for one noble and touching figure, that of Peg Woffington. Neither will I deny the morbid twang about Charlotte Brontë's young women, who somehow impress one as needing to go to the doctor or take sea-baths or drink extract of malt. Their consciences are keyed to the shrillest pitch, and their self-restraint is all of a tremble. Yet martyrs are made of such stuff as Jane Eyre and the heroine of Villette, plain, unattractive women, but with souls of fire and minds like steel. In such women one sees the new ideals. They reason as well as feel. Jane Eyre goes to the primal principles in her conflict between love and duty. And for unblurred moral beauty are there any heroines from Antigone down that are finer than a few of George Eliot's or our own Hawthorne's? Perhaps, however, the more refined and higher ideal of the modern "makers" in heroines is most clearly visible in the average good novels, say Mrs. Craik's, or Mrs. Gaskell's, or Cooper's. Coming to distinctly modern times, to to-day itself, without claiming anything else for our writers, I think we may claim that the modern heroine is in some respects a new figure. I am saying nothing now of respective merits as artists. I speak only of the ideals of a

modern novelist as regards his heroine, who must be supposed in some cases to typify his ideal woman and also (something more important) the ideal woman of his generation. Any one can see at a glance that there has been something added to the moral ideal. To analyze a single instance: Where, among the older novelists, can you find such a character as Mr. Warner's Margaret in *A Little Journey into the World*? Margaret is infinitely sweet and attractive; she is a faithful and devoted wife, kind to the poor, attentive to her religious duties, tender to her friends. For such a woman could the author of *Amelia*, or the far greater man who so truly and justly praised him, find any harsh criticism? But Warner shows how, in the midst of this fair seeming, Margaret's soul dies. It dies because she, knowing the higher life, out of love for her husband condones his atrocious success. *Amelia* would not know that "her dear Billy" had done anything out of the way; "her understanding," she would tell you, was "inferior to her dear Billy's." Is not this a distinct advance in morality that a woman should be held accountable, first of all, as a human being, not simply as a woman? In fine, the elder novelists do not allow their women much of a soul—"He for God only, she for God in him," you know; and *Amelia*, *Harriet*, *Helen Mar*, and the rest must content themselves with "feeling hearts" and "charming persons." The more exacting modern demands a soul. I can, without stopping to think, recall a score of women in the fiction of to-day who "needs must love the highest," and follow it, though with bleeding feet. There are a dozen gracious women in Mrs. Oliphant's books whom it might be, as poor Steele said, "a liberal education to love." There is the true lady, whose portrait Henry James drew in a thousand minute touches; there is *Hermia Faulkner*; there is that splendid creature, *Joan Lowrie*; there are *Meredith's* women (at least some of them); there is the patient, noble heroine of *Hall Caine's Deemster*; there are *Mrs. Whitney's* austere and faintly tinted New England maidens; there are *Craddock's* impetuous and faithful Southerners; there is *Miss Woolson's* *Margaret* and *Miss Wilkins'* kindly human saints, and *Black's* lovely princess of the mists, and a countless company of others too great for numbering. As I look on them, I feel (mixed with a thrill of gratitude to their makers for a thousand pure, vivid, and humanizing pleasures that their

presence has given me) a glow of pride in the better hopes, the higher ideal that they reveal. Yes, I say to myself, the heroine of fiction is better morally, she is more delicate-minded, more gentle, more helpful, more compassionate, of a stronger heart, a higher mind; a better woman, and by consequence a wiser mother and a truer wife.

**Realism in Poetry....Study of Nature in Verse....Hartford Courant**

Considerable to and fro of talk has been of late over the question of the accuracy of poets in writing of external nature. Maurice Thompson was attacked in the Critic because he grouped certain flowers which, it was claimed, never bloomed together, except in the bard's imagination. And more recently, Clinton Scollard, a graceful versifier of the day, offended the New York Sun by saying in rhyme that "dandylions dot the ground" in the sunny month of June. Mr. Thompson, put on defense, argued that whereas the picture he drew was not to be daily seen in this part of the country, it was not impossible, and hence he had been substantially truthful. As to Mr. Scollard, the Sun in stating that the flower in dispute is "gone before May is over," indulges in a bit of dogmatism which plenty of children all over New England could refute. But beyond the pro and con of these particular cases, it is pertinent and not unimportant to ask what is the true position of the literary man in this matter. Shall he be painfully accurate in studying and reproducing the aspects and phases of the objective universe, or does such photographic reproduction clip his wings and hurt the free flight of his genius? Both the history of his art and *a priori* considerations seem to urge a faithful, long, and loving study of nature and an absolute truthful, even verbatim report thereon in his writing. This is by no means tantamount to saying that the poet should give us a photograph and not a picture—a catalogue instead of a personal impression. It is but demanding that close observation and first-hand knowledge underlie what the inspiration of the moment begets. The inspiration furnishes the atmosphere, the picture-making-power, the previous study of the ways and wiles of mother nature gives the exactitude we are after; the photographic faithfulness. Put the great poets in evidence and see what they say on this. Browning and Tennyson have studied, tirelessly and from the heart, the smallest manifesta-

tions of earth and sky, of bird-kind and beast-kind, of moods, of day and night, of seasons of the year—and the result is plain all over and through their work. Browning's lyric beginning "Oh, to be England," Tennyson's Dying Swan are examples—in both these poems the note-book jottings of the naturalist are fused in the fire of poetic imagination of a high order. Of our own poets, to mention no others, Lowell, Whittier, and Emerson are close students of nature and she issues from their verse not distorted or falsely fair, but beautiful in the dual beauty of truth and imagination, that is, as fact and symbol. Chapter and text might be quoted almost indefinitely from them and others in support of our thesis. The poet who is most local, in the sense that he has the most exact information about what is nearest and all about him in the varied phenomena of the world, is, other things being equal, the most effective, the truest singer and the one most loved and prized of the people. For a New England poet to write of the thrush is fit and proper; when he writes of the nightingale, on the other hand, he becomes literary comparatively and by so much the less native, less natural, less direct, less homely and honest. The nightingale furnished Mrs. Browning a motive for one of the splendid lyrics of our language, as it did Keats; but when we come to this country we find Walt Whitman (as an example) at his most inspired when he chants of our night singer, the hermit thrush. Let the English weave rhyme around the sky lark, starling, and nightingale, but let Americans tell of robin, thrush, and mocking bird, and thus be honest and substitute immediate knowledge for literary tradition. This brings us to the root of the whole matter. Our poet should be sternly truthful in his representations concerning nature, because we inevitably judge him thereby and pronounce him real or false as he is impeccable or guilty. He fails of his legitimate influence on us if once we detect him in slouchiness or deceit in his reports. Should he go into ecstasy over the laurel by the roadside in September, say, or prate of the fringed gentian in the spring, we are aware at once that not only does he not know those flowers (which is bad enough), but does not love them (which is a million times worse) and hence he has no right to talk about them. We are sure that he never went in quest of laurel when the June glory was on all things, to be gladdened by its delicate pink and white perfection. We

can swear he never saw the blue of the September skies repeated in small by the tasseled cups of the gentian, which in Bryant's dainty lines,

Comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen.

And so we will have none of him. The poet, in his treatment of nature, should be the naturalist transmuted by inspiration into the creative artist. And in the same way, in depicting man, he should be the psychologist who has probed to the depths of the soul, plus the creator aflame with the desire to shape and make. The poet's business is less with hippocrits and hamadryads and more with the forms and shows of actual life as it is enacted on this third planet from the sun. For, higher and far-away, ideal things can best be imaged and implied in terms of the near, the local, the homely and the familiar if only the power be present to grasp such material and mould it with mastery and the deft touch of genius. Of realism in this meaning there is a crying need in any poetry that aims at permanence and power.

**Translations in Literature....Their Virtues and Vices....London Globe**

The nonsense that has been written and spoken about translations would fill a large book, and now that a large minority of headmasters have in their wisdom recommended that Greek should not be made compulsory at the universities, it is inevitable that the subject of translations from the classics should once more come to the front, and that the ancient commonplaces should be once more trotted out by Paterfamilias, Classicus, and Audi alteram partem. Let us anticipate the quotation from Johnson: "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated, and therefore it is the poets that preserve languages, for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language." Burke was of the same opinion as Johnson with regard to oratory, and Heine made a piteous appeal to foreigners not to attempt to translate his lyrics except into prose. There are, however, at least twelve English verse translations of

his *Buch der Lieder*. Cervantes went still further, and complained bitterly of his prose being translated. *Don Quixote*, too, is made to remark: "I cannot but be of opinion that translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of languages, Greek and Latin, is like exposing the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. Though the figures are seen, they are full of threads which obscure them, and are not seen with the smoothness and evenness of the right side." The exception of Greek and Latin is curious, and no reason is assigned for it. Perhaps Cervantes himself was not a classic. But even as regards works in living languages, can authors estimate correctly the value of translations? To be able to judge perfectly of the value of a translation from the poetry of one language into the poetry of another, a man must be a perfect master of the finest delicacies of the two languages involved, as well as a competent judge of poetry. There are few such men; and hence when we listen to the criticism of any one on a translation the "personal equation," as astronomers call it, is to be taken into account. Bentley said to Pope: "Your translation is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Bentley was a scholar and a judge of Homer as a writer of Greek, but did Bentley ever show that he was competent to judge Homer considered as a poet? Gray said: "There will never be another translation of the same poem equal to it." Gray was not only a poet of the finest calibre, but also a student of Greek, and therefore his opinion is valuable. On the other hand, Southey says that "Cowper and a friend" (probably Southey) "were not long in discovering that there is hardly the thing in the world of which Pope was so utterly destitute as a taste for Homer." Southey and Cowper on Pope will doubtless commend themselves to those who admire the poetry of Southey and Cowper. To what extent one poet may be affected by a translation from another we may gather from Keats's delightful sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*. Johnson, as usual, dogmatizes on the subject, and lays down a general principle. "We must try its effect," he says, "as an English poem; that is the way to judge of the merit of a translation. Translations are in general for people who cannot read the original." Every man who has a smattering of a foreign language will echo the latter part of this sentiment. The old gentleman

who for the life of him could not decline “δὴ τό” will tell you that Pindar is nothing if not read in the Greek, and that to attempt to reproduce Anacreon in English is a dismal farce. Yet this same old gentleman, if judiciously handled, will praise Herrick's Cheat of Cupid, or the Ungentle Guest, and perhaps the lines Upon his Gray Hairs, in blissful ignorance of their origin. Men of real scholarship and sense read with interest and instruction translations of poets made by poets, for there are passages in which the scholar may err where the instinct of the poet may prove a reliable guide. So far from translations being contemptible, it is perhaps not too much to say that there are some translations (chiefly of short passages and poems) which probably eclipse the originals. Most of us have met the enthusiastic German who is prepared to contend against all comers that the version of Shakespeare by Schlegel and Tieck is better than Shakespeare in English. No doubt it is a good one. But even a German might confess that the following translation by Lord Ellesmere of a passage in the Song of the Bell is better, though less concise, than the corresponding German:

“Like fortune's voice from yonder tower  
Shall sound the genius of the hour;  
Shall bid the sons of mirth be glad,  
Shall speak of sorrow to the sad,  
Reflection to the wise.”

This passage was lately quoted as one of the finest in the English language. The following, which is perhaps the most beautiful epigram in any language ancient or modern, is also a translation—by Sir William Jones from the Arabian—and one cannot help feeling that even its unknown author cannot have excelled the charm of the English lines:

“On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled :  
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.”

To show how good this is compare it with the following by J. D. Carlyle, evidently considered better than the above by Dodd, since he places it first in his collection of epigrams, and in larger type than the other:

“When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,  
While thine assembled friends around  
With smiles their joy confess ;

So live, that at thy parting hour  
They may the flood of sorrow pour,  
And thou in smiles be drest ! "

People who declare that good translations are impossible in the face of such specimens as we possess—by Pope, Lord Ellesmere, Sir William Jones, Swinburne, Frere (Aristophanes), and Jarvis, whose translation of *Don Quixote* is written throughout in vigorous and pure English—can have neither much scholarship nor much intelligence. Many would be inclined to add Dryden's *Virgil* to the above list, and surely, too, we owe something to Longfellow for some of his translations from Von Logau, as well as for *The Sea Hath Its Pearls*, *The Happiest Land*, *Beware*, *The Luck of Edenhall*, and one or two others which he, and he alone, has made at once pleasing and familiar to those who know only English. Among valuable translations of poetry may also be mentioned Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, for although now and then there is more of Fitzgerald than Omar, yet the whole is poetry which would be inaccessible to most of us in any other form. Lastly, it must not be forgotten by those who scoff at translations that the Prayer-book version of the Psalms and the Books of *Isaiah*, *Job*, and *Ecclesiastes*, with the rest of the Bible, are merely translations, but translations unapproachable in their magnificence. Where we cannot get the best, even the second order of translations have their value, and especially to those who really value them. As long as the love of letters exists among us, men will go on like Pope, Dryden, Jones, Frere, Lord Lytton, Lord Derby, Lord Ellesmere, Carlyle, Connington, Carey, Thackeray, Sir Theodore Martin, Miss Swanwick, Potter, and a host of others, trying to translate the masterpieces of literature. This year we have had two new translations of *Æschylus*, two of *Faust*, one of *Homer*, and who shall say how many moths have burned their wings in the torch that Horace lit? Doubtless the chaff in such productions is out of all due proportion to the grain. That is no reason for scoffing at such efforts, nor does the fact of a good translation existing make it less desirable for us to study the original. The real use of translations is to draw men on to such study, and to guide the faltering scholar to the enjoyment of fresh fields and pastures new, as yet he can only see through a glass darkly.

## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

The many successes of F. Hopkinson Smith testify to his originality and versatility. He stands head and shoulders, literally and figuratively, above his contemporaries. To the literary world, he is known as the author of *Old Lines in New Black and White*, *Well-Worn Roads*, *A White Umbrella in Mexico*, *A Book of the Tile Club*, and, more recently, *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*—only two months old and already in its fifth edition. The first edition was fifteen hundred, and subsequent ones were two thousand each. Beside this imposing array of literary work Mr. Smith has contributed largely to the magazines, anything from his pen being always in demand. All his books and magazine-articles are illustrated by himself. As a water-colorist and a worker in charcoal he is pre-eminent. His lectures before the architectural leagues in the principal eastern and western cities have won many artists to his simple system of water-color treatment—opaque color for high light, and transparent color for shadow. His *Well-Worn Roads* was translated into French and German, and a London edition of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* has just been issued. The latter book has also been dramatized by Augustus Thomas, author of the successful play *Alabama*. In the *July Century*, Mr. Smith has a beautiful word-picture—*A Day at Laguerre's*, to be followed shortly by *An Escapade in Cordova*. In the *September Scribner's*, he will have *Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier*; and in *Harper's*, for October, *Under the Minarets*—all illustrated by the author from water-color sketches made on the spot. In addition to this literary out-put, not to speak of his new *Century* novel *Alias—Tom Grogan*, he is a constructing contractor, and is a busy worker at his office in Exchange Place, New York, daily, from ten until four. He built the Race Race Lighthouse, off New London; the sea-wall around Governor's Island, N. Y., and the one at Tompkinsville, Staten Island; the foundation of the Statue of Liberty; improvements at the mouth of the Connecticut River—a system of jetties—and a number of other light-houses and jetties. As a society man Mr. Smith is in great demand. He is handsome, genial, a bon vivant, and a rare teller of stories. Looking so much younger than he really is, he does not hesitate to acknowl-

edge his fifty-three years. His beautiful home in 34th Street, New York, is fitted up—and way up to his curio-laden studio under the sky-light roof—as only a man of taste, travel, and means can direct. Mr. Smith is now in Europe, where, in fact, he goes every summer; and our magazines and water-color exhibitions will be the richer for his going.

Ella Higginson, the popular poet and descriptive writer of the North-West Coast, lives in Sehome, one of the Bellingham Bay cities on Puget Sound. Her home is beautifully situated. From her windows she can see a most magnificent array of natural scenery—an ocean shored with a vast wilderness, out of whose branchy depths rise white-peaked mountains. A green wall of forest hedges in the sea, which she loves as truly and deeply as though it were a human thing. One who reads her poems or prose sketches will find in them the impress of the ocean's many moods. Her life is far removed from the great centres of thought. She is retiring and modest, and her love for nature is strong and unaffected. She is never so happy as when riding, through the beautiful fir forests that surround her home, with only her horse and dog for companions. Ella Higginson was prominently connected with *West Shore*, and through that publication made a host of friends. Few know her personally, as she spends little time in society. She is at present associate editor of *The Pacific Magazine*, a bright illustrated monthly published at Seattle, of which Lee Fairchild is editor. In addition to her work on the *Pacific* she contributes work, in prose and verse, to the *Overland*, *Youth's Companion*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *Short Stories*, and a number of other leading periodicals. In a recent letter to a friend who had written a sketch of her she says: "You rather dressed me up as an ethereal creature instead of one of the plainest and simplest of God's women." Her life is a very busy one and her writing is quite incidental.

"One of the most significant achievements of Charles Frohman's much talked-about trip to Paris," says *The New York Sun*, "was his arrangement to have Alexander Bisson and Albert Carre write some comedies for him. Both are striking and important figures in the Parisian literary and theatrical world. Bisson is well known in this country as the

author of the original version of Mr. Wilkinson's *Widows*, *All the Comforts of Home*, and *The Surprises of Divorce*. He is a ponderous man of about forty-three. His face is heavy, but kindly in expression; he has a spare mustache and chin whiskers, and he wears spectacles, which give him the aspect of a student. Bisson is married, has a family, lives in a splendid residence in Paris, and keeps aloof from other authors. He sold *Feu Toupinel* (Mr. Wilkinson's *Widows*) directly, thus obtaining his royalties without the interference of the French Authors' Society. Bisson first went to Paris in 1869 and worked in the Department of Justice. In a little while he resigned his office to go in for literature and the drama. Four years later his first play, *Quatre Coups de Conif*, a one-act vaudeville, was produced. Since then he has written a dozen or more comedies, several operettas, and some vaudevilles. Carre is best recalled by American playgoers as the author of *Dr. Bill*. He is not yet thirty-three, an Alsatian by birth, and a rather good-looking, heavily-moustached individual. He has written half a dozen popular plays, and is at present manager of a Paris theatre of repute. Frohman's direct contract with these authors is also a direct blow to the American and English "adapters," who have been getting rich on the proceeds of their ingenuity.

"It is strange," says *Black and White*, the English weekly, "that a writer not mentioned in last year's Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* should have taken his place among the forty Immortals who compose the French Academy. M. Julien Viaud, the young naval officer who has become famous under the nom de plume of *Pierre Loti*, was born just forty years ago in one of the most important naval stations in France, Rochefort-sur-Mer. Literary reputation is generally only attained in France after a long and rude apprenticeship; M. Viaud sprang into fame at one bound with his strange, original south-sea idyl, *Le Mariage de Loti*, first published in feuilleton form in Madame Juliette Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*. Composed mainly from hurried notes and diaries written during the long watches at sea, this one-volume study of far-away life and customs seemed full of freshness and originality to the jaded Parisian public; and still greater because more than natural success attended his publication of *Pêcheur d'Islande*, a story of Breton fisher-folk life, chiefly

remarkable for the eloquence and pathos with which the author has told the sad, ever-recurring tragedy of the Iceland fishermen and those they leave in the sea-girt villages during the six months' fishing season. *Mon Frère Yves*; *Ayéadé*, an eastern tale; *Le Roman d'un Spahis*, a sketch of military life in Algiers; *Madame Chrysanthème*, in which Japanese women and their quaint, limited, albeit brilliantly compared existences, are cleverly hit off, followed one another in quick succession, and made Pierre Loti one of the most popular and appreciated writers of the day. In his latest book, *Le Roman d'un Enfant*, we catch glimpses of the old mother and devoted widowed sister who brought him up, but M. Viaud does not obtrude his personality on his readers, and the tall, sturdily-built figure responding to the name of Pierre Loti—for it is only in the official navy list that the author has remained Julien Viaud—is seldom if ever met in a Parisian drawing-room if we except the salon of Madame Juliette Adam, who, he does not forget, first opened to him the golden gates. Pierre Loti will be considerably younger than any of his Academic colleagues; and it will be curious to hear him pronounce the eulogy, which it is incumbent on every new Immortal to deliver on his predecessor, on Octave Feuillet, whose work was as artificial as Loti's is natural. The election of the author of *Pêcheur d'Islande* instead of M. Emile Zola, who ran him close in the matter of votes, is a sign of the times, and proves there is plenty of room in France for good sane literature if only *les jeunes* could be made to see it."

Charles H. Smith, of Cartersville, Ga., is the real name of the humorist who has made his nom de plume, Bill Arp, famous, particularly in the Southern States. The Kansas City Star gives this interesting bit of gossip about Mr. Smith and his work: "Bill Arp is not, as many might suppose from his uncouth, flippant title, a young man. He is over sixty years old and the father of nine children, five sons and four daughters. His fame as a humorist dates back to ante-bellum days when he kept the entire South, and much of the North, in a continuous roar of laughter. Those were the days when he wrote over the name of Sam McCrackin in the Rome, Ga., Courier, in which city he then lived. McCrackin was a famous character in his bailiwick—a well-digger by trade, a sot by profession, and a droll Irish story-teller by occupa-

tion. One day while McCrackin was digging a well a pile of rock and earth caved in on him, and when poor Sam was excavated he was dead. With respect to his memory Smith dropped the title and took that of Bill Arp, after another odd, curious character in Rome. Arp, or Earp, as the original spelled his name, was a native of Rome and fairly shared the honors with McCrackin as the drollest, oddest character in the village. Bill Arp, prior to the war, wrote mostly on political matters, satirizing local, state, and national politicians, and his letters were copied in all the leading papers of the country. He has also made a specialty of his *Advice to Farmers*, in which he would discuss matters economic, domestic, and otherwise. They were much after the same order as R. K. Munkittrick has been writing for *Harper's Weekly* recently. Arp is a graduate of Franklin College, the State university of Georgia, at Athens, and is a highly educated gentleman. In 1850 he married a daughter of Judge Nathan L. Hutchins. He soon afterward took up the study of law, not so much for the purpose of practising it as that he might use it in his writing, combining law with humor. Arp's father was a Massachusetts man and his mother a South Carolinian. He himself espoused the Southern cause in the war. He is a strong Presbyterian and works for his church. Of his large family, three sons and three daughters are married. One is a physician, two civil engineers, and one a sporting editor of the *New York Herald*."

One of the strong books of the month is *Florine*, a work which the author calls "the inner life of one of the four hundred," meaning thereby, of course, "our best society." It is, in form of a journal, the story of human love and passion in a nature strong, refined, original, and sensitive. It is a story true to an individual life, and so, in essence, true to all life. There are souls in life whose genius is in loving, and in such sensitive souls all else is lost, all else becomes nothing. *Florine's* was such a nature and her story is one that will be understood in its truth only by those to whom it is almost autobiography. It is a book that will be highly praised and widely condemned—but it will be read. Throughout the pages of the journal are keen and brilliant observations on men and things and bright outlining of character. The author, or rather compiler of the book, is "the author of

Mignonette." Readers who note the good things in the literature of the day will recall the success of *Mignonette, An Ideal Love Story*, which ran through many editions five years ago and was followed by a strong yet sensational story, *The Devil and I*, of which sixteen editions were sold. In all the three works of this writer there is a strong individual style far above the ordinary novel of the day.

David Christie Murray has been travelling in Australia and other of the English colonies and been making a rambling easy tour of the world and is now about to return to England. He made his start as a novelist, as *Answers* tells the story, by a rather audacious beginning: "Mr. Murray commenced his press life on the *Birmingham Morning News*, a journal no longer in existence. He was a member of the reporting staff, but was one of those handy men who could be turned to account in more than one branch of newspaper enterprise. While he was connected with the *News* the discovery was suddenly made that there was no serial story copy provided for next day's paper. Imagine, then, the editor's anxiety when the fact was communicated to him. Where was a new story to be found, then? Happy thought! Could Murray write a story? Of course he could. Murray could do anything. He could paint, and he could lecture without actually preaching. Murray was found, and, without any demur, he sat down to write. Neither elaboration nor carefully turned phrase was possible. Next day appeared the first instalment of the new story, which, unlike the majority of Mr. Murray's subsequent stories, found its name in that of the heroine."

Of the literary work of Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, author of *Mehalah*, *John Herring*, and other popular books, we know much, of his life and personality little is written. He was born at Exeter, England, in 1834, and is the eldest son of Edward Baring-Gould, of Lew-Trenchard, Devon, where the family has been "seated" for nearly three hundred years. His school education was completed at Clare College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1856. He was appointed Incumbent of Dalton, Thirsk, by the Viscountess Down, in 1869, and Rector of East Mersea, Colchester, by the Crown, in 1871. On the death of his father, a year later, he succeeded to the family estate and in 1881 to the rectory of

Lew-Trenchard. The mere list of the titles of his books, as representing his untiring labors, is interesting to those who know him only as a novelist. His first work, *Paths of the Just*, was published in 1854, and later, at the rate of one a year, *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas*; *Post-mediæval Preachers*; *Book of the Werewolves*; *Curious Myths*, two series; *The Silver Store*; *Curiosities of Olden Times*; *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, two volumes; *The Golden Gate*; *In Exiitum Israel*; *Lives of the Saints*, fifteen volumes; *Some Modern Difficulties*, two series; *The Lost and Hostile Gospels*; *Yorkshire Oddities*; *Village Sermons for a Year*; *The Vicar of Morwenstowe*; *The Mystery of Suffering*; *Germany, Past and Present*; *The Preacher's Pocket*; *The Village Pulpit*; *The Last Seven Words*; *The Birth, Passion and Trials of Jesus*, three volumes; *Our Parish Church*; *Our Inheritance*; *Old Country Life*; and *Historic Oddities*. Besides these evidences of his study he for three years edited *The Sacristy*, a quarterly review of ecclesiastic art and literature. His novels are *Mehalah*; *Red Spider*; *John Herring, Court Royal*; *The Pennycomequicks*; *Urith*, and some minor ones, besides numberless short stories. His love adventure was a romantic one. He became enamored, during his curacy at Horbury, near Wakefield, of Miss Grace Taylor, a factory-girl. He sent her for a brief visit to a ladies' school before marrying her, and one of her sisters he generously sent to the same place. A detailed history of his courtship is contained in his novel, *Through Flood and Flame*. The *Athenæum* says of his latest novel: "There is perhaps no more careful or vigorous delineator of rough archaic types; and *Urith* contains some of its author's best work in this respect. Its froward girls, violent boys, and tyrannous old men are wonderfully vivid. There is no placidity in their natures, and the narrative, as though to suit their wildness, is rugged and without repose. But its strength and effectiveness are undeniable."

"Perhaps the most distinguished literary woman in Rome," says the *Boston Transcript*, "is the Countess Ersilia Gaetani Lovatelli, a widow, the daughter of the late Michael Angelo, Duke of Sermoneta. She is a refined, intellectual-looking woman, a proud descendant of the fierce old family of the Gaetani of whom Pope Boniface VIII. mentioned by Dante was a member, and whose portrait is still seen at the

church of the Lateran. The Countess's palace is at St. Angelo in Persheria, near what was once the Ghetto of the Jews, but which has been torn down. Countess Lovatelli is an archæologist and student of the classics. She is the only lady member of the Academy of the Lincei and of the German Institute of Archæology, and the only woman who writes for the Archæological Bulletin of the city of Rome. She is still a handsome woman, tall, slender, pale, and always richly dressed. She may be now about forty-five, and ten years ago, when she took part, dressed in white silk sparkling with white beads, in the celebration of the jubilee of the German Archæological Society, her appearance among her white haired and bald-headed peers was strange. But handsome and rich and high-born as she is, no one doubts her erudition or disputes her right to the place she occupies."

One of the representative women journalists of the Pacific coast is Mrs. Mary Bourne Watson who has lately taken up her residence in New York for the advantages of the broader field. Mrs. Watson was born in Ottawa, Illinois, of Scotch and Welsh ancestry. She went to California the girl-bride of Judge Watson, a leading jurist and lawyer, and subsequently travelled extensively in Europe, being presented at the Courts of St. James and the Tuilleries in the palmy days of Napoleon III. Left finally a young widow, without children, she turned her talent and energy into the field of journalism as bread winners. At various times she has been the society editor of the principal San Francisco dailies and is now the accredited New York special correspondent of the *Examiner*. In addition to ten years of unsigned newspaper work she has written two successful plays and a book, *People I Have Met*, describing home and foreign celebrities. Mrs. Watson thoroughly typifies the industrious and clever newspaper woman. She is a veteran graduate of the all-demanding school of American journalism and the experience of her remarkable life will certainly strengthen and enrich her future literary work.

The interest aroused in those ultra-literary sets that have made Ibsen their fad and their idol may now be turned to the "new god" Hogen. "Hogen, the noted Norse playwright, whose social dramas are creating such a controversy in dramatic circles, is," says *Collier's Once a Week*, "a man of

strikingly peculiar appearance, and reminds one to a certain extent of the gnomes who play such a prominent part in Scandinavian mythology. He is a heavily yet small-built man with an immense head, crowned with an aureole of curly white hair, and a heavy fringe of the same encircling his face; but he keeps his chin severely clean-shaven, a distinction also enjoyed by his upper lip. His eyes are said to possess an irresistible charm, and are described as 'being of blue as deep as the color of the sea on the shores of his beautiful native northland.' Personally, he is a taciturn man of singularly strong individuality, and in a recent speech said: 'I should not care to exist if I had no opposition. There would then be nothing more for me to do. To set minds in motion is to me the main thing. I do not seek fame; I want opposition. Then I know there is something to pave the way for.'

A writer in Harper's Bazar has this to say of Mr. Howells as a literary modiste: "Howells is minute in this, as in other things, and his women, from pretty Kitty in the *Chance Acquaintance*, wearing with a guilty conscience her cousin's becoming finery, down to the new-rich girls from the country trying to enjoy New York in their Paris frocks, all know exactly what to wear, and wear it with an air. The young girl in *April Hopes*, dressing for class day, and the older beauty in *Indian Summer*, preparing for an afternoon drive in Florence, are alike appropriately attired. It is not probable that there is another man in existence who would suggest a girl's appearance to you by saying, as he does of one of the sisters in *Silas Lapham*, that her face looked well in a little bonnet, and Silas Lapham's gloves are immortal. These little touches are effective, and it was an artist's hand that sketched in the *Foregone Conclusion*, Florida in the garden in Venice, with 'the spring sunlight falling upon her blonde hair and melting into its light gold,' and wearing 'a dress of delicate green, in which she seemed a part of the young season, that everywhere clothed itself in the same tint.' But, as a rule, if her creator is a man, the heroine's toilet is apt to be a little vague and sketchy—rather a general effect suggested in impressionist fashion than a carefully finished miniature. 'Some clinging white stuff' is rather a favorite toilet of this type; and another reliable standby is 'softly trailing black draperies.' Not every man dares venture on colors nor is

every novelist so discreet as one of the younger generation in New York of whom I heard a bright woman remark lately that she collaborated with him on his last novel. When asked how, she replied, 'Oh, I dressed the women for him.' "

Miss Hawker, the author of *Mademoiselle Ixe*, says the New York *Independent*, "has shown her sympathy with the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom in a more substantial fashion still; for she has contributed to the society's funds the first fruits of her profits from her successful Nihilistic novel, which everybody (Mr. Gladstone included) has been reading and talking about. Not the least noteworthy feature of this remarkable book is that Miss Hawker, an English-woman, living, it would seem, in a peaceful English rural district, should have been able to draw with so tense and powerful a touch the sorrows and dangers endured by those whom the world knows as Nihilists. Almost the only solecism she has committed is (as has been pointed out by Felix Volkhorsky) that of making the Russian patriot seek to influence her young girl-friend toward a marriage with her wealthy lover, dwelling not only on the possible happiness to be derived therefrom, but on the obvious worldly advantages. This may be right, artistically; but no Russian Nihilist would have used such an argument. Miss Hawker, who is no longer in her first youth, makes her home at Whitchurch, in Hants, a small country village near Winchester."

A recent discussion as to Whittier's delightful poem *Skipper Ireson's Ride* gives timeliness to its appearance in our department Treasure Trove and to this paragraph from the *Boston Journal*: "The writer visited the poet Whittier recently at Oak Knoll, Danvers, to see what response he had to make to the recent revival of the 'Flud Ireson' controversy. Mr. Whittier said: 'I never would willingly do injustice to any one. The poem, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, was suggested by the repetition to me by an old schoolmate of mine of the lines of an old refrain popular at the time. We were schoolmates together as far back as 1827. I do not remember now just when the poem itself appeared. I had thought that I had made all the amends that I could in my reply to Samuel Roads when he sent me a copy of his *History of Marblehead* containing a true statement of the case. In the last edition

of my poems you will find that I have interpolated my reply as an introduction to the poem. I am very sorry to have done anybody wrong, but I do not know that I can say anything more in regard to it than I have already said.' Mr. Whittier says in an introduction to *Skipper Ireson's Ride*:

'In a valuable and carefully prepared History of Marblehead, published in 1879 by Samuel Roads, Jr., it is stated that the crew of Captain Ireson, rather than himself, were responsible for the abandonment of the disabled vessel. To screen themselves they charged their captain with the crime. In view of this, the poet addressed the following letter to the historian,

'OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 5 mo., 18, 1880.

'MY DEAR FRIEND:—I heartily thank thee for a copy of the History of Marblehead. I have read it with great interest, and think good use has been made of the abundant material. No town in Essex County has a record more honorable than Marblehead. No one has done more to develop the industrial interests of New England seaboard, and certainly none have shown such evidence of self-sacrifice and patriotism. I am glad the story of it has been at last told so well. I have no doubt that the version of *Skipper Ireson's Ride* is the correct one. My verse was founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead. I supposed the story to which I referred dated back at least a century. I know nothing of the participants and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad, for the sake of truth and justice, that the real facts are given in the book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living. I am truly thy friend,

'JOHN G. WHITTIER.'

The *London Queen* gives this item about Dorothea Gerard, who, in collaboration with her sister, wrote the recent novel *A Sensitive Plant*: "Few more awe-inspiring descriptions of Jewish life in Poland have ever been penned than those which, within the last few years, have been given to the world by Dorothea Gerard. So profound a sensation was created in the literary world by the publication of *Orthodox* in 1888, and by that of *Recha* a few months since, that curiosity has naturally been excited to learn more about their author. Dorothea Gerard (for she prefers to be known to the public by her maiden name) is by birth a Scotchwoman. Her father was Mr. Archibald Gerard, of Rochsoles, Lanarkshire, and it was here that the novelist was born. She did not, however, spend much of her early life in Scotland, although she was there long enough to recall it in *Lady Baby*, but was taken abroad by her mother, to whose health the severe climate of North Britain was injurious. Her education was conducted at various places, but chiefly at the Sacré

Cœur at Grätz, in Austria. At the age of twenty she began to write in collaboration with her elder sister, Miss E. Gerard, and this plan was continued successfully for many years, the efforts of their literary partnership being signed 'E. and D. Gerard.' The best of their series, which includes several excellent tales, is undoubtedly *The Waters of Hercules*. This is what the critics term a 'cosmopolitan' novel. In it we are presented to a mixed assortment of Germans, Italians, English, Bohemians (the real, not the figurative), and Roumanians. Each figure is true to its type and alive to the finger-tips, and as these vividly-contrasted characters are woven into the meshes of the story, the effect is most brilliant and entertaining. The novelist now makes her home near Vienna, she having married an Austrian cavalry officer, Major Longard. Her attention was drawn to the Polish Jews partly by the incidents which came under her notice when living formerly in Poland and partly by the stories which have since been told her. Major Longard himself spent more than twenty years in Poland, and has always felt much interest in studying the Jews."

Jessie C. Glasier, whose *Gaining the Heights* is winning favor with critics and reviewers, is, says *The Writer*, of Boston, "a young girl but little out of her teens, as well as the youngest member of the Woman's Press Club of Cleveland, her home. Inheriting a literary taste and tendency both from her father, a young minister long since dead, and her mother, herself a well-known writer, Miss Glasier has already made her name familiar to the readers of *St. Nicholas* and numerous other periodicals in which her stories and sketches have from time to time appeared. A residence of seven years in Washington and the friendship of such writers as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett have removed all trace of provincialism from her style, and supplied her with the local color she has so effectively made use of in this her first book, of which the *Boston Traveller* says: 'It is not overpraise to say that it takes high rank among the publications of the present time.' "

## VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

**The Sphinx Speaks....Francis S. Saltus....Shadows and Ideals**

Carved by a mighty race whose vanished hands  
 Formed empires more destructible than I,  
 In sultry silence I forever lie,  
 Wrapped in the shifting garment of the sands.

Below me, Pharaoh's scintillating bands  
 With clashings of loud cymbals have passed by,  
 And the eternal reverence of the sky  
 Falls royally on me and all my lands.

The record of the future broods in me;  
 I have with worlds of blazing stars been crowned,  
 But none my subtle mystery hath known  
 Save one, who made his way through blood and sea,  
 The Corsican, prophetic and renowned,  
 To whom I spake, one awful night alone!

**Her Picture....Joaquin Miller....In Classic Shades**

I see her now—the fairest thing  
 That ever mocked man's picturing,  
 I picture her as one who drew  
 Aside life's curtain and looked through  
 The mists of all life's mystery  
 As from a wood to open sea.

I picture her as one who knew  
 How rare is truth to be untrue—  
 As one who knew the awful sign  
 Of death, of life, of the divine  
 Sweet pity of all loves, all hates,  
 Beneath the iron-footed fates.

I picture her as seeking peace,  
 And olive leaves and vine-set land;  
 While strife stood by on either hand,  
 And wrung her tears like rosaries.

I picture her in passing rhyme  
 As of, yet not a part of, these—  
 A woman born above her time.

The soft, wide eyes of wonderment  
That, trusting, looked you through and through;  
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new-bent,  
That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient  
Hath not such pearls in all her stores,  
Nor all her storied, spice-set shores  
Have fragrance such as it hath spent.

**The New Song....J. P. Widney....Overland Monthly**

"And they sang as it were a new song."

As the voice of many waters  
That comes up from the sea,  
As the sound from the far-off sand wastes  
When the desert winds sweep free  
Through the loneliness of the midnight,  
They sang triumphantly.

They sang, with the harpers harping;  
And the song rose with a swell  
That spread to the deepest heavens:  
And lo, the wondrous spell  
Was resting upon the nations;  
But the song no man could tell.

The thrill of a mighty gladness  
Like a subtle current ran  
Through the measures of the music,  
That hushed and then began,  
And swelled to the farthest heavens  
As the sweep of the hurricane.

And the hearts of the nations hungered  
That the voicing they might know,  
And the harping of the harpers,  
That ever to and fro  
Through the ages swelled and echoed.  
As the ages come and go.

And the harpers kept a-harping,  
And still the singers sang,  
Till the arches of the heavens

## VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

**The Sphinx Speaks....Francis S. Saltus....Shadows and Ideals**

Carved by a mighty race whose vanished hands  
 Formed empires more destructible than I,  
 In sultry silence I forever lie,  
 Wrapped in the shifting garment of the sands.

Below me, Pharaoh's scintillating bands  
 With clashings of loud cymbals have passed by,  
 And the eternal reverence of the sky  
 Falls royally on me and all my lands.

The record of the future broods in me;  
 I have with worlds of blazing stars been crowned,  
 But none my subtle mystery hath known  
 Save one, who made his way through blood and sea,  
 The Corsican, prophetic and renowned,  
 To whom I spake, one awful night alone!

**Her Picture....Joaquin Miller....In Classic Shades**

I see her now—the fairest thing  
 That ever mocked man's picturing,  
 I picture her as one who drew  
 Aside life's curtain and looked through  
 The mists of all life's mystery  
 As from a wood to open sea.

I picture her as one who knew  
 How rare is truth to be untrue—  
 As one who knew the awful sign  
 Of death, of life, of the divine  
 Sweet pity of all loves, all hates,  
 Beneath the iron-footed fates.

I picture her as seeking peace,  
 And olive leaves and vine-set land;  
 While strife stood by on either hand,  
 And wrung her tears like rosaries.

I picture her in passing rhyme  
 As of, yet not a part of, these—  
 A woman born above her time.

The soft, wide eyes of wonderment  
That, trusting, looked you through and through;  
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new-bent,  
That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient  
Hath not such pearls in all her stores,  
Nor all her storied, spice-set shores  
Have fragrance such as it hath spent.

**The New Song....J. P. Widney....Overland Monthly**

"And they sang as it were a new song."

As the voice of many waters  
That comes up from the sea,  
As the sound from the far-off sand wastes  
When the desert winds sweep free  
Through the loneliness of the midnight,  
They sang triumphantly.

They sang, with the harpers harping;  
And the song rose with a swell  
That spread to the deepest heavens:  
And lo, the wondrous spell  
Was resting upon the nations;  
But the song no man could tell.

The thrill of a mighty gladness  
Like a subtle current ran  
Through the measures of the music,  
That hushed and then began,  
And swelled to the farthest heavens  
As the sweep of the hurricane.

And the hearts of the nations hungered  
That the voicing they might know,  
And the harping of the harpers,  
That ever to and fro  
Through the ages swelled and echoed.  
As the ages come and go.

And the harpers kept a-harpingle,  
And still the singers sang,  
Till the arches of the heavens

With the mighty music rang.  
But the song—no man could learn it;  
Nor the words the singers sang.

**Two on the Terrace....John Hay....Scribner's**

Warm waves of lavish moonlight  
The Capitol enfold,  
As if a richer moonlight  
Bathed its white walls with gold.  
The great bronze Freedom shining—  
Her head in ether shrining—  
Peers Eastward, as divining  
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring  
Her splendor o'er the ground;  
See the white obelisk soaring  
To pierce the blue profound.  
Beneath the still heavens beaming,  
The lighted town lies gleaming,  
In guarded slumber dreaming—  
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing  
From those dim roofs arise,  
The myriad pulses throbbing  
Are silent as the skies.  
To us their peace is given;  
The need of spirits shriven:  
I see the wide, pure heaven  
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah love! a thousand æons  
Shall range their trooping years;  
The morning-stars their pæans  
Shall sing to countless ears.  
These married States may sever,  
Strong time this dome may shiver,  
But love shall last forever,  
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,  
A wish for trust and bliss,

To future lovers meeting  
On far-off nights like this.  
Who, in these walls undoing  
Perforce of time's rough wooing—  
Amid the crumbling ruin  
Shall meet, clasp hands, and kiss.

**A Dream at Paphos....Duffield Osborne....The Cosmopolitan**

Bear with me, friend;  
The night is very long:  
Soon comes the end  
Of life and love and song.

In flowery Paphos dwelt I long ago,  
Close by King Eros' shrine;  
There, when the wind-wooed myrtles whispered low,  
I sought his altar wrought in fair design,  
And, wreathing rose and violet round my brows,  
I cried: "Dear Love, hear thou my prayers and vows!  
Teach me thy mysteries! make thy priesthood mine! "

Ah me! Her eyes, that set my soul aflame,  
Bore not to look upon Love's flashing torch;  
With faltering steps she to his temple came,  
But lingered, trembling, in the outer porch.

So fell the night, and through the darkening wood  
I sought her steps to guide;  
When Lo! that treacherous Love against us stood:  
Loud twanged his bow—the cloven ether sighed,  
As o'er the maid's white breast, with burning smart,  
The swift shaft glanced and quivered in my heart.  
"Behold, thou hast thy prayer!" the archer cried;  
And, while I watched my life-blood slowly drain,  
She nursed her petty hurt and moaned its pain.

And now I know full well that I am dead;  
The violets and roses round my head  
Are changed into narcissus flowers instead:  
Yet, being dead, her inmost heart I see,  
And seeing, know that Love dealt well with me.

## RANDOM READING: CURRENT TOPICS

**The Drift to the Cities....The Modern Tendency....The N. Y. Times**

The tendency in modern times to the concentration of population is nowhere more marked than in the United States. Perhaps it is nowhere else quite so marked. Everybody has observed the tendency, but probably the statistics of the census will surprise even those who have given to the subject the greatest attention. For it appears that at this time very nearly a third of the population of the least crowded of the great civilized countries is an urban population. The exact percentage is 29.12. The fact is even more striking when compared with the showing of previous censuses. By the first census the proportion was 3.35, and by the census of 1880 it was 22.57. In 1880 the number of towns with a population of more than 8,000 was 286. In 1890 it was 443. The increase, it will thus be seen, has been very much out of proportion to the general increase in population, and has gone on with a greatly-accelerated motion. No doubt it is primarily accounted for by the increase in the facilities of communication. It has been said that the advance of civilization, in a merely material sense, is synonymous with the power to sustain a greater number of people on the same area. This is not a bad definition, since that power involves an improvement in all processes of exchange, including the improvement and multiplication of the means of transit. To us it seems incredible that a city of a million people can have been sustained at all before the introduction of steam in transportation. The mere feeding of such an aggregation, with no other means of transport than were supplied by sails on the water and by animals on the land, appears to be quite out of the question. As a matter of fact, we know that it is possible, because such cities existed and flourished before the age of steam. But modern researches have tended to diminish the old estimates of the population of famous cities. Even with the Roman roads it is doubtful whether the enormous population that used to be ascribed to imperial Rome could have been supported, and within the last generation the current estimates of the population of such cities as Pekin and what used to be known in the geographies as "Jeddo" have been very much reduced. The modern improvements in

transportation render the great aggregations of population far more feasible than they were before these improvements were introduced or than they are in countries to which these improvements have not extended. This explains the increased feasibility of great cities, but it scarcely explains the increasing tendency of the population to these cities. In truth, the explanation of this must be sought in other than strictly economic causes. So far as physical well-being is concerned, the man who works with his hands is pretty evidently better off in the country than in the city. The growing complaints from the agricultural States, which have been formulated by the Farmers' Alliance, which is itself a symptom of discontent, do not tend to disprove this proposition. So far as the primary physical needs of mankind are concerned, the need of food and clothing and shelter, scarcely anybody in the agricultural regions of this country suffers from the privation of them. Nobody suffers from the privation of them who is sound in mind and body and moderately industrious. So much cannot be said of the cities, and yet the movement is from the country where mere subsistence is secure, to the city where it is doubtful. The explanation probably lies in the monotony of rural life, which is more deeply felt as oppressive and dismal as the people condemned to it become aware of the greater variety and interest of life in the cities. The craving for excitement, though less imperious, is not less natural and not less universal than the craving for food. When the first physical needs are provided for, this craving asserts itself in all men and all women. The country has its interest and its charm, of course, but they appeal mainly to thoughtful and refined minds. The coarser pleasures that are to be found where people congregate are those that appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. A generation ago the excitement of rural communities was sought and found in their religious life. The type of religion that prevailed throughout New England, and throughout those parts of the country that were peopled from New England, assuredly did not lack the interest of a melodrama to those who believed in it, and belief in it was almost universal. The pictures of heaven and hell that were painted by revivalists and by settled preachers were much more moving to their auditors than any that could have been presented on the stage, inasmuch as an unquestioning acceptance took the

place of a conscious illusion. The coincidence is not without meaning of the disappearance of this type of religion throughout the rural regions and of the increasing impatience with life in those regions that is shown by the dweller in them. There are, of course, limits to the shifting of population toward the cities, the first and most inexorable of them being the limit of subsistence. Within those limits the tendency can be checked only by the introduction into rural life of some elements that will give it more attractiveness than it now possesses by supplying it with the distractions and excitements it now fails to furnish.

**Misdirected Kindnesses....Social Problems....From the Baltimore Sun**

Every one who has engaged in educational and philanthropic work knows by observation that if misdirected or misapplied, kindness may do harm rather than good, and develop evils it is intended to suppress. The most familiar example is that of the creation of the pauper spirit by ill-considered charity. Gifts to people without consideration of any kind tend to break down self-respect on the part of the recipients, acquaint them with the fact that they can get money or food or clothing without exertion, and develop in them the pauper spirit that prefers to beg rather than work. Indiscriminate alms-giving in cities gives to beggars on the street a larger daily wage than can be earned by the industrious laborer, and the habit of begging, having been established, is difficult to eradicate, for it means for the prosperous beggar the exchange of a well-paid life of ease for one of ill-paid labor. It is necessary, therefore, in the matter of alms-giving or direct charity to be careful lest the well-meant gifts shall promote and develop the pauperism they are intended to relieve. Other acts of seeming kindness sometimes produce results contrary to those desired. A child is indulged with money presents until he has established expensive habits that he cannot provide for by his own exertions. He is supported in idleness until he is too old to learn a trade or to enter business of any kind with pay commensurate to his years; his habits of self-indulgence are cultivated with the purpose of making him happy, yet when, for any reason, support is withdrawn from him the kindnesses shown to him are found to have crippled him. He is unable to care for himself, and very often is driven to crime by tastes and passions that he cannot

otherwise gratify. Then, too, when his crimes are discovered more mistakes are made in shielding him from the consequences of his wrong-doing. His parents or friends, rather than have him disgraced, pay for his escapades, restore stolen money and "hush up" the case against him. Before long he is in similar trouble, more confident than ever that he will be helped out of it, and so goes on from bad to worse until at last neither relatives nor friends can save him from a criminal career. The first attempt to save him may be justified, but repeated efforts to relieve him of the punishment that should follow wrong-doing only aggravate his evil propensities. He is given an utterly false view of life. Wrong-doing or crime on his part brings with it no punishment save a few hours of mortification, while relatives and friends are trying to obtain means for his relief; the real punishment falls upon sorrowing parents, or upon their friends who, out of sympathy for them, contribute the money needed for the young rascal's relief. There are cases of this kind that run through years, until at last public exposure comes, friends and relatives are powerless to prevent the authorities from sending the criminal to jail, and then he is too far gone in crime, too callous to exposure to be reformed by prison discipline. Hundreds of criminals have thus been trained up by the mistaken kindness that shields them from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Their "first offense" is really the culmination of a long series of crimes which have been condoned and concealed by indulgent parents and sympathizing friends of the latter. That which was intended to shield the young man from a criminal career has really promoted his downfall by making him more and more confident that he could escape public exposure and punishment for his offences by working upon the sympathy of those who loved him and whom he shamelessly betrayed. Pardon for a first offence is reasonable; indeed it is demanded by the possibility and hope that kindness at such a time may bring about reform for the future. But when promises of amendment have been broken, love and friendship again betrayed, deceit again employed to aid deliberate robbery, the case has become too serious to be overlooked, and the welfare of the culprit can best be served by making him realize his responsibility. In what way this may best be done will be subject to considerations of age, disposition, and intelligence. To one, removal to some distant place, away from corrupting

associations, may be sufficient. To others, whose courses have indicated utter incorrigibility, public disgrace and punishment may not prove a cure, but the opposite course is almost sure to promote their descent into a criminal career by removing from them the fear of punishment. It is quite natural that an honest man, proud of his good reputation, should be shocked when he finds that his son has disgraced the name by committing a theft and should seek to hide the facts from the public, protect his son's reputation, and give him a fresh start in life. But he should beware of condoning future offences, lest familiarity with crime, confidence in escaping punishment, and callous indifference to the wrong done a loving parent should develop in the young man a criminal habit beyond the reach of reform. Every act of kindness, philanthropy, or charity to which our impulses direct us ought to be examined with relation to its possible effects, for our best intentioned and least selfish efforts to do good may, and very often do, defeat their purpose.

**True Personality of Man....Its Power and Development...Oscar Wilde\***

It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything; and whatever one takes from it, it will still have—so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet, while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child. In its development it will be assisted by Christianity, if men desire that; but if men do not desire that, it will develop none the less surely. For it will not worry itself about the past, nor care whether things happened nor did not happen. Nor will it admit any laws but its own laws; nor any authority but its own authority. Yet it will love those who sought to intensify it, and speak often of

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\* From "The Soul of Man under Socialism." Humboldt Library.

them. And of these Christ was one. "Know thyself" was written over the portal of the antique world. Over the portal of the new world, "Be thyself" shall be written. And the message of Christ to man was simply, "Be thyself." That is the secret of Christ. When Jesus talks about the poor he simply means personalities, just as when he talks about the rich he simply means people who have not developed their personalities. Jesus moved in a community that allowed the accumulation of private property just as ours does, and the gospel that he preached was not that in such a community it is an advantage for a man to live on scanty, unwholesome food; to wear ragged, unwholesome clothes; to sleep in horrid, unwholesome dwellings; and a disadvantage for a man to live under healthy, pleasant, and decent conditions. Such a view would have been wrong there and then, and would, of course, be still more wrong now and in England; for as man moves northward the material necessities of life become of more vital importance, and our society is infinitely more complex and displays far greater extremes of luxury and pauperism than any society of the antique world. What Jesus meant was this: he said to man, "You have a wonderful personality. Develop it; be yourself. Don't imagine that your perfection lies in accumulating or possessing external things. Your perfection is inside of you. If only you could realize that, you would not want to be rich. Ordinary riches can be stolen from a man. Real riches cannot. In the treasury-house of your soul there are infinitely precious things that may not be taken from you. And so, try to so shape your life that external things will not harm you. And try, also, to get rid of personal property. It involves sordid pre-occupation, endless industry, continual wrong. Personal property hinders individualism at every step." It is to be noted that Jesus never says that impoverished people are necessarily good, or wealthy people necessarily bad. That would not have been true. Wealthy people are, as a class, better than impoverished people—more moral, more intellectual, more well-behaved. There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor. The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor. What Jesus does say is, that man reaches his perfection, not through what he has, nor even through what he does, but entirely through what he is.

And so the wealthy young man who comes to Jesus is represented as a thoroughly good citizen, who has broken none of the laws of his State, none of the commandments of his religion. He is quite respectable, in the ordinary sense of that extraordinary word. Jesus says to him: "You should give up private property. It hinders you from realizing your perfection. It is a drag upon you. It is a burden. Your personality does not need it. It is within you, and not outside of you, that you will find what you really are and what you really want." To his own friends he says the same thing. He tells them to be themselves, and not to be always worrying about other things. What do other things matter? Man is complete in himself. When they go into the world, the world will disagree with them. That is inevitable. The world hates individualism. But this is not to trouble them. They are to be calm and self-centred. If a man takes their cloak, they are to give him their coat, just to show that material things are of no importance. If people abuse them, they are not to answer back. What does it signify? The things people say of a man do not alter a man. He is what he is. Public opinion is of no value whatsoever. Even if people employ actual violence, they are not to be violent in turn. That would be to fall to the same low level. After all, even in prison, a man can be quite free. His soul can be free. His personality can be untroubled. He can be at peace. And, above all things, they are not to interfere with other people or judge them in any way. Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does. He may keep the law, and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine. He may be bad, without ever doing anything bad. He may commit a sin against society, and yet realize through that sin his true perfection. There was a woman who was taken in adultery. We are not told the history of her love, but that love must have been very great, for Jesus said that her sins were forgiven her, not because she repented, but because her love was so intense and wonderful. Later on, a short time before his death, as he sat at a feast, the woman came in and poured costly perfumes on his hair. His friends tried to interfere with her, and said that it was an extravagance, and that the money that the perfume cost should have been expended on charitable relief of people in want, or some-

thing of that kind. Jesus did not accept that view. He pointed out that the material needs of man were great and very permanent, but that the spiritual needs of man were greater still, and that in one divine moment, and by selecting its own mode of expression, a personality might make itself perfect. The world worships the woman, even now, as a saint.

**The Palace of Truth....Lying as a Virtue....San Francisco Chronicle**

The idea of a palace of truth, that is, a building possessing the magical power of compelling every one who enters it to speak the exact and literal truth, has been a favorite one with writers of fairy tales and romances for centuries. It is so ancient, in fact, that it is not possible to tell when or where it had its origin. There are various versions of it, but all agree in the main feature, that nothing but the absolute truth can exist within its crystal walls; that even white lies are impossible, and that the most polished and courteous fictions are metamorphosed in the act of uttering them into bold and uncompromising truths. We have denominated the idea of a palace of truth a fairy tale, for such it is, and such it must ever remain. Absolute, cold, literal truth is just as impossible in this world as absolute virtue or utter vice. No human being could exist in any reasonable degree of happiness or comfort for twenty-four consecutive hours who should speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In the first place he or she would run the risk of being sat upon by a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, and if that were escaped the unhappy victim to refrigerated veracity would create such a host of enemies as to make the remainder of his life a burden, were he to attain to the venerable age of Methuselah. This world and the society which it contains are not calculated to appreciate anything so nearly resembling an abstract quality as pure and literal truth. Nothing of which we can form any mental conception or picture is unmixed. That foe to poetry and romance, analytical chemistry, has resolved simple substances into compounds, and again divided the components into other components, until we are ready to believe that even primordial protoplasm may have been a highly organized and complex substance or form of matter. The sparkling dew-drop, the glittering sunbeam, the pearly tear, the flashing diamond, each and all have been weighed and parted and classified, and now come scientists

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who tell us that thought, even, is not thought, but merely a molecular disturbance of the gray matter of the brain, and that when we think we think we do not think, but merely create an atomic motion within our skulls. Everything is made out of or mixed up with something else, if not with everything else. How, then, can we expect to find truth one and entire, perfect chrysolite, unmixed or unmixed with anything else? But if mingled or joined with anything else it is no longer truth, but a compound substance which may be white truth or black falsehood, according to the light in which it appears or the point of view from which it is seen. The palace of truth, then, can never be anything but an iridescent dream, and it is fortunate that it cannot. Our life is and must be a continuous series of compromises and accommodations. We must adapt ourselves to our surroundings and rub along with it as little friction as possible, and to accomplish this we must, to put the matter plainly, lie. The word is not a pretty one, but it means just what it says. We must lie to others and we must expect them to lie to us. But here we may distinguish. There are degrees of lying as there are degrees of everything else. If we say we hope a person is well when we do not care a snap whether he is or not we do not speak the truth, and if we do not tell the truth we must lie; and yet we feel better for it, and we know that the other fellow feels better, so no harm has been done. And yet the virtue of truth-telling will always be esteemed among civilized nations, and rightly. The distinction is this: Unless we lie to injure another or to escape the consequences of our own faults or vices we do no wrong. If we do, we are despised and distrusted, as we ought to be. We may be as artificially polite as possible without violating any canon of ethics, just as we may tell children fables and stories which are widely improbable without doing them or ourselves any harm. We may even go further, and imagine ourselves in such a position as that to tell the truth would be cruel and brutal if nothing more. The truth must often be diluted, for, like pure oxygen, it is too strong for common use. Truth, it used to be said, lies at the bottom of a well, and it is safer and better to let it lie there than to house it in an impossible palace and employ it in services which can lead only to trouble, confusion, strife, and animosity.

## CHOOSING ARTAXERXES' QUEEN\*

The walls of the reception chamber were of the utmost beauty, inlaid with polished stones of great value, which mirrored all that was doing around. Massive pillars supported the ceiling; these were upon pedestals of pure gold, elaborately chased. The former depicted the starry heavens, each star holding a precious stone, so that their lustre shone forth brilliantly like unto the wonders they portrayed.

Thus Artaxerxes sat, surrounded by his court, his feet resting upon a bordered silken cushion, with tassels of gold and silver. His manner was dignified, imperious, and his eye shone restlessly as he looked around upon the assemblage of his great men—satraps, governors, and such as stood high in order to the throne on wonted occasions.

Aman also, richly attired in scarlet and yellow, with his tiara of dignity upon his head, was stationed at the king's right hand, clutching at intervals with curious irritability his robes in his claw-like fingers. Isis, his daughter, had to take stand before this monarch, and as yet her turn had not come. It behoved Aman to watch with all his usual keen finesse lest any come within scope of the king's choice of the few maidens yet remaining.

But one by one came forward, these virgins, all habited in white, bordered with gold, each one set before the youthful monarch, unveiled; and while those servitors close to him withdrew awhile, he conversed as pleased him with them, and thus pleased himself.

Now the stentorius voice of Gabatha called forth:

"Make way for the virgin Elpis, daughter of the Prince of Lysias. Hail to the King, grace! Hail to the King, discretion! in this great matter of the land!"

\* From "Hadassah; or, From Captivity to the Persian Throne." By E. Leuty Collins. Cassell Pub. Co. Artaxerxes, the young king of Persia, has put away his queen, Vashti, for her disobedience of his command to show her beauty to his court, as told in the Bible. Though he loves her still, his scheming counsellors, notably Aman, who is plotting to have his daughter made queen, overrule him and persuade him to punish her. Hadassah, a young Jewess of whom little is known, is one of the three hundred beautiful maidens from whom the new queen is to be selected. The young king, disguised, had seen Hadassah the evening before in the garden and told her she would see him on the morrow.

She came forward, a young girl, with a tawny skin, which shone like ebony; for she had undergone much anointment with the customary oils and perfumes, after the order of the eunuchs, unto the certain slaves which were set to make ready the woman for presentation. She was, however, comely, large jewels were suspended to her ears, otherwise small and shapely. She wore a head-gear of Syrian gold-work, which fell upon her forehead and down her neck in massive tassels of finely-wrought metal of the same odor.

Artaxerxes, in regal majesty (this being a state affair and a public matter), held out his sceptre for her to advance to the foot of the throne; but as his eyes fell upon her, a momentary impatience seemed to pervade his features. Then after the space of a few moments he motioned her away into the reserve court to the left, where stood the five prior candidates that had passed before him that day—*rejected*.

From the perforated canopy, raised upon the throne, dripped an exquisite perfume upon the purple garments he wore, and at certain intervals they brought fruits of a luscious kind for him to partake of. Yet a restless anxiety seemed rife in his mind. None pleased his insatiable fancy; and judging this day's progress it would appear like unto the rest, and probably he was wearied of the ostentatious ceremony which had been made so important, and caused so much concern in the land, day by day, for so long a space.

Again the court heralds clanged their cymbals and announced the approach of another candidate. The chief eunuch came to the portal once more prostrating himself, arose, and cried:

"O mighty King, live forever. Hail to this day's grace, light of the universe! Hail, eye of Bel! eye of the world." Then the slaves brought forth another. She stood erect, clad likewise in the royal dress of the virgins, white and gold, and Gabatha gave notice of her in like manner as others—"Make way for the virgin Hadassah from Babylon the mighty. Behold, this maid hath no lineage. Hail to the King, grace! Hail to the King, discretion in this great matter of the land!"

With slow but firm steps Hadassah came forward, followed by the slave Tais, who stood ready to uncover her face.

Around were none breathing a single murmur; in almost breathless silence were the countless auxiliaries that formed the heathen Persian court. Glittering gold and silver wea-

pons, gleaming spears, breastplate, and precious stones shed their resplendent light all over the place. Costly hangings of every nation lit up the space with a marvellous brilliancy; and amid them, at the foot of the seven gold steps of the throne of Darius, stood the Israelitish captive, simple, unadorned only by the golden halo of the sun which cast its bright and natural rays upon her, as she looked upward upon the face of the king.

Aman motioned silently, but with peremptory dignity, to Tais to unveil the head, while all eyes were bent toward the figure upon the winged throne. It was as though an unrecognized ethereal being had been set amid this congress of fire-worshippers, a calm angel depicting Peace, shedding its influence upon the hearts of the congregation assembled. As the slave gently unfastened the white head-gear from the glossy hair, a murmur was breathed inaudibly by all. They were absorbed and fascinated.

A simple Grecian tunic fell from her shoulder, and a bordered scarf of white swathed her body. There was no vestige of any ornaments, nor were aught needed. Her eyes shone with a steadfast purity, now and again catching a wondrous brilliancy, as thoughts passed through her mind of her mission hither, then they fell lowly to her feet.

For a moment she was distressed, and apparently awed by the hosts assembled. Crushed inwardly by the weight of magnificence and solemnity surrounding her, she stood at their very mercy.

She also stood, she knew, before the great king of the hundred and twenty-seven provinces at last—a despot! *he, the cruel oppressor of her race.*

How could she bend the knee or supplicate unto the tyrant who had set his seal to destroy hundreds and thousands of her ill-fated people yearly?

All this flashed instantaneously unto her mind. She expected to look upon a man of great and imposing stature and of forbidding aspect, a cruel, bitter, pitiless face that had haunted her dreams. She thought it was the king; and while she prayed for her people's deliverance, she shuddered at the sacrifice and went forth like a victim, stoical, determined, heart and soul given unto her people's good, to subdue this giant of strength.

Now in calm, soft tones amid the mass, there came to her

upon the wings of memory the voice of Mardocheus her kinsman, the only friend and father she had ever known. "*God calleth thee to deliver us*," it said. Oh, words, words, of glory and woe combined!

Her beautiful eyes went up to the awful figure upon the high, gold throne once more; while her hair fell in a dark mantle around her. One long glance sufficed; the whole spell broke forthwith; some instinct unknown and wonderful riveted her eyes upon the face of him who sat before her, vested in terrible power and dignity, him of whom countless thousands spoke in terror and with a trembling breath. All seemed as a dream, nevertheless.

She walked now in her little garden space at the palace, and there passed before her a man who yesterday claimed her pity and sympathy. This man had said, "*Thou wilt look again upon my face*." God of Israel, she saw him now; she looked upon him, verily in a different aspect, gorgeous and beautiful. Ay, now his eyes grew, it seemed to her, as soft and emotional as when she had spoken to him that closing eve of yesterday, and he remembered her also. She saw the massive sceptre extended forth unto her, and the royal lips parted in a smile of gladness at the sight of her face again. *It was the great king!*

Thus she fell forward upon her face; thus she had again seen him whom she had known as the keeper of the garden only. Her hands were clasped in utter prostration and amazement, while the slave sought to lift her to have speech with the king. She stood again surrounded by her long hair, sheltered from the scrutinizing eye.

Then were the servitors, the grand magi, and Aman the high chamberlain, filled with like amazement as they saw the king arise and lead her to his seat with his own hand. His countenance was full of majesty and tenderness toward this simple captive, of whom they knew so little, save that her beauty had become the theme of the city there.

But Artaxerxes understood. His anxiety departed immediately. He spoke lowly to her but a little space; and as she sat next him, he again arose and delivered forth this mandate resolutely to his officers and the princes of his household, all assembled around him:

"O ye of my palace, all whom I have appointed to serve me under my excellent and wise counsellor and friend, Aman,

take forth this mandate, and issue my decree as I command this day from my mouth. Disperse the remaining virgins unto their own several countries, and also give unto each earrings of emeralds in token of this day, that it shall be borne in remembrance. For also say unto the nations around, and let it be made known in all the world, that Artaxerxes, King of the one hundred and twenty seven provinces, hath chosen a wife this day and a queen.

"Therefore, henceforth shall all men render unto this Hadassah, my chosen consort, due homage and obeisance, as unto the ruler of our heart and desires. Moreover, shall she no longer be known after the Hebrew Hadassah, which signifies the myrtle, but after the Persian Esther, a star. Thus do I decree and make an equitable and just decree, that unto this virgin alone, from the number of those gathered before me, I now bequeath the crown of Vashti, and the just right to be queen and partner to my throne hereafter.

"Forthwith, Aman, our grand chamberlain, shall see this thing is done, and further, make necessary details and arrangements for our wedding feast to take place on the seventh month, which whole month shall be set apart to all my nations for a general feast in honor to my lawful wife, whom witness ye I have this day chosen from out of thy midst."

Then he took Hadassah's hand, and raised her up to stand beside him, while he set his diadem before her in token of his love and desire, though she trembled for the word of the Lord, which said this thing should pass.

They went from the Royal Court, each military portion, even Aman, who prostrated himself, and was meanwhile eaten up with rage and vexation for his daughter's sake, and that his cherished plans were thus frustrated. Nevertheless, he readily bethought of his work of evil, and was ready to bring every factor of such evil to work in unravelling the mystery concerning whom it was the King had at last chosen to wife.

Then the great epoch of the state was brought to a close, and a new era dawned midst curious complications and great cupidity in the land.

## A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES\*

The coast line of Alaska exceeds in length by 3,020 miles that of all the rest of the United States.... Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.... In 1865 the United States had 1687 ships on the navy list, the greatest and strongest fleet in its history.... The estimate of the world's population in 1890 is as follows: Europe, 380,200,000; Asia, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; Australasia, 4,730,000; North America, 89,250,000; South America, 36,420,000; total, 1,487,600,000.... Frogs, toads and serpents never take food but that which they are satisfied is alive.... A new substitute for ivory has been invented by a Norwegian; it is called lactite and is made from skimmed milk; it will take any coloring.... Phosphorus is now being made by decomposing a mixture of acid phosphates and carbon by the heat of an electric arc within the mass.... The proportion of actual cash used in mercantile transactions is very small, most of the business being done through the medium of checks and bills; the percentage of cash used in New York is 1.3, while in London it is 8.4.... Crime is more common in single life than in married; in the former thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven married men, of the same number, have gravely broken the laws.... Nine hundred and fifty submarine telegraph cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.... Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant; in the Arctic regions there are 762 different species of flowers.... An English statistician estimates the world's indebtedness at \$150,000,000,000.... There are known to be 209 cities in the world with populations of over one hundred thousand persons each.... Only nine per cent of those engaged in war are killed on the field of battle.... The greatest ocean depth ever found by measurement was in the Atlantic near Puerto Rico—4,651 fathoms.... The London Religious Tract Society last year issued 77,000,000 publica-

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\* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

tions....Although whales grow to enormous size, sometimes 80 feet and even 90 feet long, the throat is so small that it cannot swallow a bite as large as a tea-biscuit; this applies to the common whale, the spermaceti has a mouth large enough to swallow a man....The smallest known insect, the *Pteratomus Putnamii*, a parasite of the ichneumon, is but one-ninetieth of an inch in length....The great telescope of Lord Rosse has a speculum 6 feet diameter, 55 feet focus....On the summit of Ben Lomond may be seen the smallest tree that grows in Great Britain; it is known as the dwarf willow, and is, when mature, only about two inches in height....In all their wars, the British have won the splendid average of 82 per cent of the battles....The Vatican contains 208 staircases and 1,100 different rooms....Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements; it composes at least one-third of the earth, one-fifth of the atmosphere, and eight-ninths by weight of all the water on the globe; it is also a very important constituent of all minerals, animals, and vegetables....Plants grow faster between four and six A.M. than at any other time during the day....The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the number of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united....The printing press which Voltaire set up in Fernay to demolish Christianity is now used to print Bibles in Geneva....Scientific men say that the earth's age is about half a million years for the nebular and stellar period, and about 25,000,000—of which 15,000,000 are past—for the period of organic beings....Only one person in four in London earns over £1 a week....The smallest of all the States, Rhode Island, has the largest population per square mile, or 318.44 persons; the figures of the last census show that if the whole Union were as densely populated it would contain 945,766,800 inhabitants....An inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre....The natives of Malay peninsula have in use the smallest coin in the world; it is a wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and its value is estimated to be one ten-thousandth of a penny.

## CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

*Mispah....Love in Absence....The Boston Transcript*

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another. [Gen. xxxi. 49.]

Go thou thy way, and I go mine:  
 Apart, yet not afar;  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The pathways where we are.  
 And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"—  
 This is my prayer.  
 He looks thy way, he looketh mine,  
 And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,  
 Or which way mine will be;  
 If mine will lead through parching sands,  
 And thine beside the sea;  
 Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,  
 So never fear.  
 He holds thy hand, he clasps mine,  
 And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame, perchance, be thine,  
 And my lot lowly be;  
 Or you be sad and sorrowful,  
 And glory be for me,  
 Yet God keep watch 'tween thee and me;  
 Both be his care.  
 One arm 'round thee and one 'round me  
 Will keep us near.

I sigh, sometimes, to see thy face,  
 But since this may not be,  
 I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
 Who cares for thee and me.  
 "I'll keep you both beneath my wings"—  
 This comforts, dear.  
 One wing o'er thee and one o'er me;  
 So are we near.

And though our paths be separate,  
 And thy way is not mine,  
 Yet, coming to the mercy-seat,  
 My soul will meet with thine.  
 And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
 I'll whisper there.  
 He blessed thee, he blesseth me,  
 And we are near.

**Human Sympathy....Ella Higginson....West Shore**

Sometimes when one kneels, on a lonely night,  
 And cries "O God!"—and then is dumb for tears  
 That leap up, choking, do you think He hears?  
 Do you not think He understands aright  
 What would be plead by those lips dumb and white?  
 Do you not think He hears the sobs that leap  
 From that worn bosom even after sleep  
 Has closed the eyes with pressure kind and light?

Ah! often have I knelt in midnights vast,  
 And cried "O God!"—no other word could speak,  
 But knelt in dumb despair, until at last  
 I felt His peace in sweet tears on my cheek.  
 O poor heart! think of me that bitter day  
 When you must kneel alone, too sad to pray.

**Rest....Father Abram J. Ryan....Collected Poems**

The following poem was the favorite of the late Sir John Macdonald :

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,  
 My soul oppressed—  
 And I desire, what I have long desired—  
 Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,  
 In barren ways;  
 'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,  
 In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
 But God knows best;  
 And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer  
 For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
 The autumn yield;  
 'Tis hard to till, and when tilled to weep  
 O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,  
 So heart oppressed;  
 And I sigh a weak and human sigh,  
 For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
 And cares infest  
 My path, and through the flowing of hot tears,  
 I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so; when but a child I laid  
 On mother's breast  
 My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed  
 As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;  
 For, down the west  
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
 Where I shall rest.

**The Silent Life....From the Somerville Journal**

We lead two lives—the outward seeming fair,  
 And full of smiles that on the surface lie;  
 The other spent in many a silent prayer,  
 With thoughts and feeling hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain,  
 Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone,  
 The wishes half-defined yet crushed again,  
 Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions we may never show  
 Gild all the silent life with sweet romance;  
 That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,  
 Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life—we little reck its power  
 To strengthen us for either good or ill,  
 Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar,  
 Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share,  
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;  
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,  
Save that one eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that eye we do not quail,  
Though all the world may turn from us aside,  
We own a secret power that shall prevail  
When every motive of our life is tried.

**Of Those Remembered....S. Weir Mitchell....A Psalm of Death**

There is no moment when our dead lose power;  
Unsignalled, unannounced they visit us.  
Who calleth them I know not. Sorrowful,  
They haunt reproachfully some venal hour  
In days of joy, and when the world is near,  
And for a moment scourge with memories  
The money changers of the temple-soul.  
In the dim space between two gulfs of sleep,  
Or in the stillness of the lonely shore,  
They rise for balm or torment, sweet or sad,  
And most are mine where, in the kindly woods,  
Beside the child-like joy of summer streams,  
The stately sweetness of the pine hath power  
To call their kindred comforting anew.

Use well thy dead. They come to ask of thee  
What thou hast done with all this buried love,  
The seed of purer life? Or has it fallen unused  
In stony ways and brought thy life no gain?  
Wilt thou with gladness in another world  
Say it has grown to forms of duty done  
And ruled thee with a conscience not thine own?  
Another world! How shall we find our dead?  
What forceful law shall bring us face to face?  
Another world! What yearnings there shall guide?  
Will love-souls twinned of love bring near again?  
And that one common bond of duty held  
This living and that dead, when life was theirs?  
Or shall some stronger soul, in life revered,  
Bring both to touch, which nature's certainty,  
As the pure crystal atoms of its kinds  
Draws into fellowship of loveliness?

## VANITY FAIR: FADS AND FASHIONS

**The Restless American Woman....Hamilton Aide....Nineteenth Century**

The restlessness of American women, which takes different—and often very laudable—forms, is another expression of the same truth, as it seems to me. The woman of fashion, eager for excitement, is probably, in the main, much the same in London or New York; but the very charm of her manner, so blithe and bird-like, twittering from subject to subject, never dull, never too long poised upon the same twig, makes of the typical New York lady a very different being from her English equivalent. She needs no rest. Country life means for her Newport, Lenox, to travel, to yacht, or to fill a villa residence with city acquaintances for a few weeks. The repose of a home far from the metropolis, with its small village interests and obligations, or the breezy monotony of a Highland moor, are alike unknown to her. The rocking-chair, in which she will sway herself for hours together, illustrates her condition of "unrest, which men miscall delight." She requires movement, physical or intellectual, "all the time." She is never seen with a needle in her hand; and this is not only true of New York; throughout the length and breadth of America, it may have been chance, but I never once saw a lady working. The employment, unless necessitated (when I feel sure she would stitch as conscientiously as Hood's shirtmaker), is too reposeful, too unstimulating to the American female mind. She will attend Browning lectures, and Wagner expositions, and lectures on the Aztecs, and spiritual séances, and lay sermons upon every subject under the sun; she will take up some study, she will attend classes, and work far more assiduously than the average English woman (not the Girton and Newnham one), who considers when she has left the schoolroom that her education is complete. But having few servants, and rarely a large family, her household duties are light; and her eager mind, abhorring a vacuum, seeks for food in the world of pleasure; or of knowledge, to be gained less from books than from personal oral exposition. This feverishness is, no doubt, partly due to early education. The child is never a child in America, as we understand the word. The infant's petulant irresponsibility is subject to little or no restraint, as those who have dwelt in hotels where there were

several children can testify. Later on a constant round of excitement stimulates their poor little brains at the season when in the intervals between their lessons they most need rest. The number of precocious child-actors testifies to this abnormal development of brain, but, as a great actress said to me, "one expects these wonderful children to turn out geniuses—they seldom do." Americans themselves have told me that they send their young daughters to school, or to Europe, to avoid one of two alternatives. Either they must be allowed to pay and receive daily visits, to have constant parties, with gossip and even flirtations, while still in short frocks, or they must be rendered unhappy by being deprived of amusements shared by all their companions. The consequence is that when the "bud," as she is termed, opens upon society she is already an accomplished little woman of the world, quite able to take care of herself, needing no chaperon, able to hold her own in verbal fence with young men and old, generally very "bright," often very fascinating, but having long since lost all the aroma of early youth. A man described such a young lady to me thus: "Why, sir, she is that sharp she begins conversation with a brilliant repartee!" The mother is quite put into the background; not from want of affection, but because she would be out of place in the giddy round of pleasure. You read in the society columns of the daily newspapers, "Miss —— had a reception on Monday, when she was assisted by her mother."

**Marriages Abroad....Lady Constance Howard....The Sun Magazine**

In France when a young man sees a young lady with whom he falls in love, he does not propose to her as we do in England, but he submits his wishes to the parents or nearest relations of the young lady, and they make the necessary inquiries as to whether his proposal should be accepted or not. When the lady has no near relations the gentleman asks the priest, clergyman, or rabbi, according to the religion, to undertake the duty, or even in some cases the family lawyer is the person selected for this important occasion. If the reply of those most concerned is favorable, the two young people are formally presented to each other. In some cases the *futur* only makes the acquaintance of his future wife's relations, the young lady not being present, and to the parents he states his means and future expectations and similar de-

tails. These proving satisfactory, the parents or relations, on their side, state the young lady's fortune and any expectations she may have in the future. If the questions are not satisfactorily answered, the lady's fortune is not mentioned and time is taken for reflection; if they are satisfactory a day and hour is fixed for his visit to his *fiancée*, at which he should make a point of being punctual, as he should make a careful toilette for the occasion. The young girl is informed by her parents of the young man's proposal, to which, during his first visit, no allusion is made. She is not present at first, but appears after a few moments, when previously informed. The young man is then presented to her as her future husband. This is always done beforehand, to avoid any awkwardness or grief on her part. The young girl is simply dressed, but in a very careful toilette, and the hour chosen for the gentleman's reception is one when no other guests are expected. If the gentleman is satisfied with his first interview, his family then make a formal proposal to the young lady's parents that he should be admitted to their home as engaged to the young lady. The father, mother, or even a mutual friend makes this request for the young gentleman. This accorded, previous to his visit the *prétendu* writes to inquire when it is convenient to receive him, adding a few gracefully-expressed words of thanks. From his first visit he is received on intimate and familiar terms—that is to say, he must always appear dressed very carefully, not in old or dingy garments; and the young lady cannot receive her suitor in a dressing-gown or *chiffonée* dress. In England engaged couples call each other by their Christian names. In France it is not so; alone or in public life they always address each other as "Monsieur" and "Mademoiselle." Once the gentleman is received as the accepted lover, he must come regularly to the house, always with much ceremony, and invariably sending a bouquet to his *fiancée* beforehand as a sign of his approaching appearance. In the event of the gentleman not being pleased with his first visit, he should write the next day to the young lady's family, regretting that a journey or some such excuse prevents him from accepting their kind invitation to visit them; and after that he should be specially careful to avoid all parties where he would be likely to meet the lady he has refused to marry. After being received into a family, if reasons arise that make the gentleman wish to

break the engagement off, he should exercise great tact in doing so, writing to the young girl's father and saying family reasons prevent the fulfilment of the engagement. With a widow or elderly lady who has no relations to consult, the gentleman asks an intimate friend or the family lawyer to plead his cause; he does not address himself directly to the lady, and no visits are paid until the lady's reply is received. If favorable, he writes asking when the gentleman can be received, whereupon the inevitable bouquet is at once forwarded. No business is discussed between the engaged couple, all that being undertaken by the lawyers, and the marriage is not announced until a few days before the signing of the contract. In the case of a young lady, once her engagement is made public, her parents close their doors, except to their own and the gentleman's family and their very intimate friends, and the young lady must not appear at the theatre or in public any more. Very different from England. In the event of a widow refusing a gentleman, he would still call upon her from time to time, always at an hour when he knew other visitors would be present. Certain certificates are necessary for the civil marriage in France. These certificates are obtained from the *maire* of the *arrondissement*, in Paris or the country, where the births of those engaged were registered. In the case of one or the other being an orphan, certificates of the decease of the father or mother must be produced. The certificates necessary are those of birth and of the decease of father or mother, or both, when either of the engaged couple have lost one or both their parents. If the certificate is asked for by letter, stamps for return postage should be inclosed, and the price of the certificates, each of which costs two francs. These certificates are rendered legal by being presented to the clerk of the court, who, at the end of a few days, returns them duly authorized. Those persons who do not possess their baptismal certificates can procure an act executed before a lawyer, equally legalized by the *maire*, which act bears the signature of four respectable persons. Bans are published in the *maire* of the district where each of the engaged couple resides. If they reside in different districts the bans must be published in each. They are published as soon as the certificates that are necessary have been presented. In a case where the father and mother of the engaged couple are alive, to the certificates must be

added their consent in writing. The bans are published in the country or the *arrondissement* six months before the marriage. They are published two Sundays following at the *mairie*, and the necessary certificates must be delivered, at the latest, on the Thursday night or Friday morning previous to the marriage. In the case of the marriage of a soldier, to the usual certificate he must add permission from the minister of war, which permission is obtained from the colonel of the regiment, who in his turn transmits it to the minister of war. No officer is allowed to marry unless his *fiancée* has 30,000 francs well secured, or an income of 1,200 francs. In some provincial towns soldiers are obliged to have their bans published wherever their family reside as well as where they are living. When an officer presents his certificates at the *mairie*, he inquires whether this formality is to be observed or not.

**The Morality of Selfishness....Struggle for Pre-eminence....Speaker**

Renan tells us, in his autobiography, that he has been obliged to give up the habit of riding in omnibuses, because the struggle for a place grates upon his finer feelings. He cannot bear to push in front of other people. This speaks volumes for Monsieur Renan's character. Few men object to struggle for pre-eminence. It is usually taken for granted that selfishness lies at the root of social life; that, without selfishness the work of the world could not be carried on; that there is an eleventh commandment, not engraved on tables of stone, but written on the tablets of men's hearts, bidding each one fight for himself, his wife, and his children, and absolving him from all blame if in doing so he tramples other people's belongings into the dust. In civilized society this duty of being selfish is not unpleasantly obtruded. Like many other ugly things, it is covered with a few coats of varnish, to make it look decent and respectable. Savages may snatch tempting morsels from each other's mouths, but cultivated persons must observe certain rules of decorum. These rules are not very strict, and are occasionally intermitted. When people find themselves among absolute strangers they consider themselves free to behave as they please. At *tables d'hôte* the savage instinct of securing dainty morsels shows itself, sometimes in quite unexpected quarters. Admirers of human nature there may observe things which will astonish them, if they set themselves to watch. In trav-

elling, as Monsieur Renan realized, to his cost, it is much the same. A gentleman who treats his wife and daughters with the utmost kindness will see a tired girl carrying her bag pass the window of his compartment half a dozen times, and abstain from telling her that the seat on which he has thrown a pile of rugs is only reserved for his own feet directly the train is in motion. Women are equally regardless of the comfort of strangers; and neither sex can afford to throw stones at the other. Conduct of this sort, however, is not considered blamable. Charity begins at home. Human beings must put food into their own mouths, else they will starve. Men find wives for themselves, not for their neighbors. They bring up their own children, clothe their own backs, and buy their own graves, if they do not actually dig them. From the first moment of existence to the last, selfishness is the law by which they live. Mrs. Jellyby, poor woman! is a perpetual warning, a scarecrow dressed up to frighten those foolish persons who hope to benefit some other beings besides themselves before quitting the planet. This reasoning sounds plausible, and in certain crises of life comes with a good deal of power. When we are tempted to be absurdly generous, or to forget our own interests for the sake of furthering those of our next-door neighbor, it is pleasant to remember that selfishness is a duty. Some people cannot feel sure that it is so. They never feel sure of it, in spite of the plausible reasoning. Instead of being based upon selfishness, it seems to them that society is so framed as to fall to pieces when men cease to take thought for each other. They need not thrust food down their neighbor's throats; but if they wish to avoid painful consequences, they must use precautions to keep those neighbors from starving. A man who disinfects his house reaps no possible benefit unless he provides that the family who live next door have appliances to do the same. His own precautions may be excellent, but they will not prevent him from dying of small-pox. Nature resents the endeavors which human beings make to be selfish. She is never sentimental, and enforces her lessons by very rough-and-ready discipline. The whole race is bound together in solidarity, and she is determined that one portion shall not prosper unless all are treated with fairness. We are like men climbing a mountain and tied to each other by a rope. If one slips, all are in danger of falling. Many

people refuse to believe in the solidarity of the race. Even the poor-law and the school board do not convince them of it. They believe firmly in the great doctrine of "Devil take the hindmost." It has made, so they assert—but not so loudly as they used—England what it is. What made England a gridiron of railways? What made Manchester and Stalybridge? Why, "Devil take the hindmost;" so they answer, but not quite so confidently as they used. Has selfishness indeed received a blow at headquarters? or is it but breaking out in a fresh place? Is there any moral difference between the selfishness of a body of men aiming at their own corporate advancement and that of an individual bent on making his pile? How easy it is to ask questions! The case for selfishness is made much stronger by the imbecility of good nature. It is astonishing what a hold the notion that a kind-hearted man is a fool has got upon the English people. Anybody who has seen "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Garrick Theatre will know what we mean. Mr. Hare's acting is beyond praise, but to be asked to admire the character he plays is an insult to one's understanding. Too many people cannot be got to see that an inability to refuse unreasonable demands is not due to unselfishness, but to feebleness of moral fibre. Feeble persons of this kind are slaves to a tyrant all their lives. Directly one persecutor disappears, and their friends think they are having a happy release, another is put in his place. It is useless to argue, to tell them that they are committing a kind of intellectual suicide, that true unselfishness imposes upon us the duty of asserting our own rights almost as often as the duty of yielding them. They are born to be slaves, and no arguments will convince them of their folly. Then we get tired of the language of enthusiasts who preach counsels of perfection. Thomas à Kempis told his disciples to seek always the lowest place and to be inferior to every one. Some of the noblest men the world has ever seen have followed this advice literally, and ended by having greatness thrust upon them unawares. But we are not all born to be heroes and saints. Such maxims, if carried out on a large scale, would prove subversive of discipline. Nature is a wiser, if a rougher, teacher, and says to every one, "Take care of yourself, for that is imperative, and of the man next you, for that is also imperative, else you shall both come to destruction." Hard-working men were the first to under-

stand that selfishness could not help them. Women are now beginning to see that their strength lies in union. But, so far, class has combined against class. Perhaps the same ideas may afterward be worked in a wider, more generous way—no longer women leaguing together against men, the poor against the rich, but all classes combining to help each other. We shall then be spoken of as having lived in the Dark Ages, when human beings supposed it was necessary to be selfish in order to prosper.

**Studies of the Minor Animals....The Widow....St. James's Budget**

The widow is not quite so fully the product of civilization as the girl. Traces of her may be found in a tolerably remote past; though we believe there is no trustworthy evidence to connect her with cave-man, because, in the demand for female labor characteristic of that period, she was immediately appropriated, on the death of one husband, by another, so could never enjoy the title. Even in the comparative civilization of the Jewish nation she was handed over to the next brother as a matter of course, so that she could have got very little fun out of the situation. In India, as we all know, the widow has been less appreciated than anywhere; indeed, she was regarded as a public nuisance, to be got rid of in the most entertaining manner possible. The manifold advantages of the custom of Suttee have several times presented an alluring aspect to the Western mind; the newspaper world in particular would gain enormously in so rich and varied a store of sensational "pars." But so far public opinion has been somewhat against the adoption of the ritual of a physically inferior race; though now that Esoteric Buddhism has taken so firm a hold among us there are hopes of a further advance in that direction. The movement would be more popular among women than among men, for the widow, when she is young and pretty, is regarded by her own sex in the light of a carnivorous animal of greedy instincts. The virginal world feels and acknowledges that she has, by the connivance of a not too discriminating Providence, had her chance. They ought to have theirs; and as there is on an average only about one man and an eighth to every three women, it is an outrage upon decency for one woman to have two husbands. It is commonly believed that it is only owing to the notorious foolish-

ness of man where a widow is concerned that there has not been prohibitive legislation on the subject. If we look back a little into the history of widows, we find there has ever been a tendency to consider them in the light of criminals. In the early Church the offices of tending the sick and distributing to the poor were given to widows. Gayety of all sorts, in the Roman world, was considered inconsistent with the state of widowhood. The wearing of a peculiar and penitential garb was common then as now. That a woman should have so great a blessing as a husband, and then lose him, must be accounted either a punishment for sin or culpable carelessness on her part, though there is no stigma of the same sort attaching to widowers. When we come to mediæval times we find the species in greater vigor. The Crusades must have been instrumental in producing a fine crop, and the Wars of the Roses must have kept the supply going. To judge from the wife of Bath, who "husbands at the church door had had five," their spirits were not entirely broken by their condition. It may have been about this time, or possibly earlier, that a new and vigorous variety arose—that of the jocular widow, as differentiated from the pale or weeping widow. The new species flourishes vigorously to this day, and is oftener to be encountered than the retiring and older variety. It has developed several distinguishing features. First, from the old and hideous widow's cap it has concocted a light and elegant structure of the veil nature; from heavy gowns of dead and sombre material it has evolved a gauzy and ethereal style of garment most becoming to the figure; from a close and very ugly bonnet an airy structure of semi-transparency has supervened. On the whole, a great improvement in appearance can be noticed in these later organisms and a corresponding liveliness of temper. Indeed, there are few people who keep up a better flow of spirits than the jocular widow. She gives the impression of an escaped convict (without, however, a stain upon her character); indeed, she naïvely confesses that now she has her liberty she does not mean to lose it again, and solemnly warns her female auditors against the trammels of matrimony. With a person of the opposite sex she is on terms of intimacy which at first surprise him a little—she has so much the air of treating him as a fellow-conspirator in possession of startling secrets, and appears, to his intense alarm, to be

constantly on the brink of making revelations of the same. She is confidential with him in a way she cannot be with "those dear innocent girls;" and he very soon gets to feel that there really must be some secret between them, though he does not quite know what it is. The jocular widow is usually popular among young girls; she pets them and warns them, and kindly does the talking for them if those dreadful men will come and follow them about. She knows men and how to manage them, and her dear girls shall not be persecuted with them. She is fond of organizing little expeditions which include a dinner or a supper. "We must have a man or two, my dear, to see about the carriage; and the waiters, though you and I would be much happier without them;" and a man or two is always there. The jocular widow divides life into two portions: the present, which she honestly says she means to enjoy, and the past, to which she refers with a charitable sigh. If she has encumbrances, she will venture to undertake a like existence again, "for the children's sake," and burden herself with a husband. But with one proviso: he must be rich. In her own person she has experienced the fallacy of love; and if she marries again, it must be for money. Of the older and weeping variety there is little to be said; its retiring nature prevents its being commonly encountered except by those who have a taste for slumming or parish matters, for it is notoriously given to good works or devotes itself to cares of a family nature. The neighborhood of good and cheap schools for both sexes is the favorite habitat of such of this variety as have children. The superior delicacy and sensitiveness of its organization render it less able in the struggle for existence to cope with the attendant evils of its environment, and it not infrequently succumbs in the struggle: a state of things almost unknown to the jocular variety, whose coarseness of fibre protects it from feeling acutely the helplessness of its position. In this world the jocular is certainly the more popular of the two varieties. We have not been able to collect sufficiently accurate statistics of what the husband's opinion on the subject is, to give to our readers, grass-widows being the only variety whose male belongings could be polled. Judging from these imperfect statistics, the probation appears to be on the side of the weeping variety: but then men are notoriously selfish.

## SOCIETY VERSE: FANCY FREE

**Another Engagement....Marie Jureau....Brooklyn Life**

She was rosy, and piquant, and slender;  
 Her beauty was wine to my heart  
 As she leaned o'er the banisters dreaming,  
 While watching the last guests depart.

Her roses were wilted and fragrant,  
 And under her sortie-du-bal  
 Her shoulders gleamed white 'mid their laces  
 In the soft mellow light of the hall.

Her soft eyes grew wistful and tender,  
 And suddenly trembled a tear  
 On her drooped lashes; purely it glistened,  
 And I kissed her—the ravishing dear!

Oh! you needn't look quite so astounded  
 I'm entitled to that sort of thing,  
 For she gave me her heart there that instant,  
 And that tear I've had set in a ring.

**To a Portrait....From the London Hawk**

Did the wing of some dark raven,  
 By the hand of Love enslaved,  
 Leave its dusky hue engraven  
 On the tresses of your hair?  
 Did the snowy lily whiten  
 Your fair face? Did roses brighten  
 And with crimson petals heighten  
 On your lips the color rare?

**Presence of Mind....The Silken String....Life**

A silken string which, though snow white,  
 With Phœbe's brow could not compare,  
 Its golden clasp not half so bright  
 As Phœbe's wealth of shining hair.

Upon the floor it lay, half curled  
 Around her little satin shoe,

I wonder still what in the world  
Turned Phœbe's face to such a hue—

As, picking up the dainty thing,  
With sauciest smile she said: "Please note  
The latest style"—and clasped the string  
Of ribbon round her slender throat.

**Two Jars....Ella Higginson....The Chicago Journal**

She kissed each petal and dropped it in  
Her jar of roses of Sevres thin.  
And laughed—as only coquettes can laugh—  
Bidding me take of their nectar a quaff.

I obeyed, and my soul was straightway drunk  
With a thousand-and-one sweet blisses;  
But not from the rose jar did I drink—  
But from the jar that was full of kisses.

**Clarisse....Frank L. Stanton....Chicago Herald**

Kiss you? Wherefore should I, sweet?  
Casual kissing I condemn;  
Other lips your lips will meet  
When my kisses die on them.  
Should I grieve that this should be?  
Nay, if you will kiss—kiss me!

Love you? That were vainer still!  
If you win my love to-day,  
When the morrow comes you will  
Lightly laugh that love away.  
Should I grieve that this should be?  
Nay, if you must love—love me!

Wherefore play these fickle parts?  
Life and love will soon be done;  
Think you God made human hearts  
Just for you to tread upon?  
Will you break them, nor repine?  
If you will, Clarisse, break mine!

## THE SKETCH BOOK: LIFE STUDIES

**The Fakir of Allyghur....An Indian Detective Story....St. James's Budget**

No one knew whence he came. Only, one day he entered Allyghur leading his goat and telling his beads. And the good people of Allyghur learned to love the old fakir who had taken up his quarters in their midst; for he had a sanctimonious way of wagging his chin, and withal the true patriarchal leer that becomes a holy fakir.

"Why," said the Allyghurites, "Allah be praised for sending us Balloo Khan!" So Balloo Khan took his stand in the Chandin Chowk, hoisted his fakir's flag and began his priestly duties forthwith. And the Allyghurites, men, women, and children, came for advice and consolation. Needless to say, the good fakir gave both.

They came in singles and groups, all anxious for something—some worldly or spiritual consolation.

Jung Khan, the horse-stealer, wanted advice about that gray mare he had stolen from the Commissioner Sahib. "The fact is," said Jung, "I've got the mare in my back yard, and she's eating me out of house and home. I cannot get her out anyhow." "Oh, is that all? Why, clip her mane and tail, and give her a coating of brown paint. [Here the fakir explained the ingredients of the coloring stuff.] And I'll warrant you the commissioner won't know her from his baggage mule." So Jung Khan went off rejoicing to the fair.

Then came Noorudin. Says he:

"Fakirjee, I'm in a sorry plight. I've got the Commissioner Sahib's pier-glass, and don't know what to do with it." "Is that your only trouble? Just take it down to Mica Bux, the glazier, who will cut it into small squares, and with suitable frames the thing's done. Why worry over trifles?"

And Noorudin went his way.

In time Balloo Khan had gained a glorious reputation. There was no phase of knavery in which his advice was found wanting: Besides, too, he was an excellent sorcerer and exorcist, and not a few mothers had sons where no sons seemed to be. So his hut was daily besieged by votaries—knavish and otherwise.

One day there came three men to the fakir's hut, all scared and woe-begone looking.

"Fakirjee," said the spokesman, "have pity on us, and advise us for the love of Allah. This is our story. A month ago we murdered the Magistrate Sahib, and his body is buried under this floor. He was very severe on us Mussulmans. May Allah roast his soul! But the police are on our track. Still we have managed so far to hide in the house of Meala the courtesan; but we want to go abroad into the light of day; so have the kindness to direct us, O holy man."

So the fakir smiled sadly, and said, "Go your ways, my men. Your spiritual absolution is granted. Allah scorch the Christian dog! Yet the road is not yet clear; come again this day week and I'll have the police off the scent. Hide still in Meala's house, where you are safe."

That evening saw the fakir, Balloo Khan, leading his goat out of the city of Allyghur, and, as the pious Mussulmans of the city bowed their salaams to the pious man, little they thought he was a Christian dog and a police-officer in disguise, to boot.

But Mr. Smith, the police superintendent of Allyghur district (late fakir) made his way to the nearest police post, and, returning to the city, surprised the three murderers in Meala's den. Needless to say the murderers were hung; and Mr. Smith has the satisfaction of knowing that his brother Englishman, the magistrate's, murder has been atoned for. As for the Allyghurites, they still look suspiciously on all fakirs who enter their city.

**The One-Legged Goose....F. Hopkinson Smith....Col. Carter of Cartersville**

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid ole Marsa John was ober Henny. She was a hurricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen once where I was helpin' git de dinner ready, an' de cook had gone to the spring house, an' she says:

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin' room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is; dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a carvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose and dis-pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says: 'Gittin' late, Chad, bring in de dinner.' You

see, major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house like it is here; kitchen an' dinin' room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' and stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to get de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:

"I thought dere was a roast goose, Chad?"

"I an't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll go an' ask de cook.' Next minute I yerd ol' marsa a-hollerin':

"Mammy Jane, an't we got a goose?"

"Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you w'uthless nigger, an't you tuk dat goose out yit?"

"Is we got a goose?" said I.

"Is we got a goose? Didn't you he'p pick it?"

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do' an' slide de goose in just as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsha John.

"Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner," says ole marsha, pickin' up his carvin' knife.

"What'll you take, miss?" says I. "Baked ham?"

"No," says she, lookin' up to whar Marsha John sat: "I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose—jes so."

"Well, marsha cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'

"What'll you take for dinner, sah?" says I. "Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?"

"No; I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose."

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'nt agwine to get it.

"But, major, you oughter seen ole marsha lookin' for de udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way and dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled carvin'-fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad-like:

"Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?"

"It didn't hab none," says I.

"You mean to say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?"

"Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em an't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little hurried to-day, so Mammy Jane she cooked dis yere one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen an' says: 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwine to show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when he got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle ob dat ole green goose pond wid one leg down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself on my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Dar, marsa,' says I, don't ye see? Look at dat old gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"Stop, you black scoundrel!' Marsa John says, his face gettin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one of 'em gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you—'

"Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; "tan't fair; 'tan't fair.'

"Why an't it fair?' says he.

"Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say shoo to de goose what was on de table, you didn't, marsa.'

**Chimmy and de Kid....A Touch of Nature....New York Press**

He was a dirty, ragged little urchin, and as he leaned up against a lamp post in City Hall Square, smoking the discarded butt of a very rank cigar, his blacking box slung carelessly over one shoulder and his grimy hands thrust deep into the pockets of his tattered trousers, it was impossible to mistake him. He was a typical New York street Arab.

The hands of the clock on the City Hall were pointing to half-past seven and the stream of humanity that had been steadily flowing through the square for the past two hours, on its homeward way to Brooklyn or up-town, had gradually thinned out.

The shrill pipe of the newsboys crying their evening papers had grown less and less frequent and most of them were either eating their scanty suppers in the little shops down the alleys behind the great newspaper buildings or standing in groups under the electric lights squandering their hard-earned pennies in the fascinating game of "craps." The bootblack was almost the only boy left in that part of the square. Suddenly there sounded a wail of distress, and around the neighboring path came one of the most diminutive little gamins that ever sold a newspaper.

He was crying bitterly, and the tears, as they coursed down his smudgy little face, left white furrows all over his cheeks.

The newcomer was evidently not unknown to the first Arab, for as he came up the bootblack removed the cigar from his mouth and with an almost paternal expression in his weazened, preternaturally aged little face, inquired kindly:

"Wot's de matter wid de kid, to-night?"

No answer, but renewed sobs.

"Say, if enny of de gang been lickin' yer, show me."

"Dat aint' it, Chimmy, but I'se h-h-hungry, and I ain't got a cent," sobbed the little fellow.

The face of the older of the two children was for a moment a study. Suddenly drawing two nickels from the depths of his trousers pocket, he said roughly:

"Here, kid, you'se take diss, an' go eat; I'll earn some more to-night somehow, I guess."

There were no thanks, no profuse expressions of gratitude; the child took the money, looked at it stupidly, and then scurried off as fast as his little legs would carry him.

**Financiering in Georgia....The Renovated Dog....New York Sunday Sun**

Four or five of us were waiting on a hotel veranda in a Georgia town for the 'bus to drive up and take us to the depot, when a colored man came along, dragging after him about the meanest-looking dog you ever saw.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked one man.

"Kill him, sah!"

"But why?"

"No good, sah."

"Then sell him."

"Can't do it."

"Then give him away."

"Nobody would dun take him."

"I'll take him. Bring him right up here."

"You is foolin', sah."

"No, I ain't. Here, give him to me, and here's a quarter."

He tied the dog to a chair and ran over to a hardware store and bought a collar. Then he went to a dry-goods store and got half a yard of red silk and a yard of blue ribbon, and in ten minutes the dog was blanketed up and bowed up until he did look fancy. He was taken to the depot in the 'bus, and we had scarcely arrived when a white man, who sat on a box whittling, came forward and said:

"What ye got thar, stranger?"

"Chinese fox hound," replied our friend.

"Shoo! Never saw one before."

"This is the only one in this country."

"Cost a heap?"

"Given to me by the Chinese Consul at Washington, but I wished he had him back. He's so wild after game that he bothers the life out of me."

"Is he all right for this climate?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good-natured?"

"A perfect baby."

"How much'll buy him?"

"Well—um. I never set any value on him. He's a present, and I suppose I ought to keep him, but as he is a fox dog and this is a fox country, some good man around here ought to have him."

"Will you take twenty dollars?"

"Um! Make it twenty-five."

"Can't do it. Just got two tens for the dog as he stands."

"Well, I suppose you'll use him well, and it will be better for the dog."

We rolled away on the train as the purchaser headed for home. None of us could say a word for a long, long time.

## PRATTLE OF THE CHILDREN

**The Naughty Little Girl....Samuel M. Peck....Times-Democrat**

She is cunning, she is tricky  
 I am greatly grieved to tell,  
 And her hands are always sticky  
 With chocolate caramel;  
 Her dolly's battered features  
 Tell of many a frantic hurl,  
 She's the terror of her teachers—  
 That naughty little girl!

She dotes upon bananas,  
 And she smears them on my knees,  
 And she peppers my Havanas,  
 And she laughs to hear me sneeze;  
 And she steals into my study  
 And she turns my books a-whirl,  
 And her boots are always muddy—  
 That naughty little girl!

When she looks as she were dreaming  
 Of the angels in the air,  
 I know she's only scheming  
 How to slyly pull my hair;  
 Yet—why, I can't discover—  
 Spite of every tangled curl,  
 She's a darling and I love her—  
 That naughty little girl!

**Little Elaine....Frank L. Stanton....Atlanta Constitution**

Where have you gone, little Elaine,  
 With the eyes like violets wet with rain—  
 Silvery April rain that throws  
 Melting diamonds over the rose?  
 (Ah! never were eyes as bright as those!)  
 You have left me alone: but where have you flown?  
 God knows, my dear, God knows!

Where have you gone, little Elaine,  
 With the laughing lips of the crimson stain—

Lips that smiled as the sunlight glows  
When morning breaks like a white, sweet rose  
Over the wearisome winters snows?  
Shall I miss their song my whole life long?  
God knows, my dear, God knows!

You have left me lonely, little Elaine:  
I call to you, but I call in vain;  
I sing to you when the twilight throws  
Its dying light on my life's last rose,  
While the tide of memory ebbs and flows  
Is it God's own will I should miss you still?  
God knows, my dear, God knows!

Good—Like You....Mrs. George Archibald....Babyhood  
When I reproved my little girl,  
Her clear, gray eyes were grieved and wet;  
She owned her fault, for pardon plead,  
And spoke some words I can't forget;  
"If you were little, just like me,  
Would ever you be naughty, too?  
If I were only all grown-up,  
I could be always good—like you!"

She meant it! Her sweet innocence,  
Which sent so sharp and sure a dart,  
Knows nothing of the wicked moods  
That sometimes sway her mother's heart.  
Wrath, envy, folly, discontent,  
The selfish impulse—not withstood—  
These things accuse me, yet my child  
Believes that I am always good

On Sabbath days the man of God  
Reproves me often, unware;  
Ashamed, I hear his earnest voice  
My own unworthy deeds declare.  
And nobler lives rebuke my own;  
But none had ever shaft so true  
As she whose loving faith declared  
"I could be always good—like you!"

## GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

**The Fatal Hand....A Gambler's Superstition....Detroit Free Press**

I was watching a game of poker once, at Helena, Mont. The players were a gambler (whom I knew slightly and who bore the sobriquet of "Lucky Bill") and two miners. Suddenly, after the hands were dealt and the players had "chipped in" and drawn cards, Lucky Bill, with perfect calmness and not so much as a shadow of a change in the expression of his face, laid his cards on the table, took a note-book from his pocket and deliberately wrote a few words. Then he tore out the leaf and handed it to me. "Look at that when you get home to-night." His voice was steady and did not betray a particle of excitement. I thrust the paper aimlessly into my pocket and gave the matter hardly a second thought. The play progressed. Lucky Bill's face was unyielding as a stone and entirely inexpressive. He noticed everything, however, and his vigilant eye did not miss the slightest move on the part of the other players. He was a typical gambler and one of the most successful of his guild. Hence his sobriquet. At last there was an altercation between the two miners. Hot words ensued and revolvers were drawn. Some of the bystanders interfered at this point and, in the scuffle that followed, I heard the sharp whistle and snap of a bullet. Lucky Bill (his good star in the ascendant) fell to the floor and expired without a groan. He had been killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of one of the miners. I was horrified at the occurrence and that evening after I reached home, I thought of the line the gambler had written me. I took it from my pocket and read: "I have drawn a pair of sevens. I now hold jacks full on red sevens. It is a fatal hand. No one ever yet held it and left the card table alive. I shall die. I have \$6,000 in the First National of Bismarck. Notify my mother, Mrs. ——, of Franklin, Ky."

**Rain-making in the Orient....J. G. Frazer....The Golden Bough**

In the Caucasian province of Georgia, when a drought has lasted long, marriageable girls are yoked in couples with an ox-yoke on their shoulders, a priest holds the reins, and thus harnessed they wade through rivers, puddles, and marshes, praying, screaming, weeping, and laughing. In a district of

Transylvania, when the ground is parched with drought, some girls strip themselves naked, and, led by an older woman, who is also naked, they steal a harrow and carry it across the field to a brook, where they set it afloat. Next they sit on the harrow and keep a tiny flame burning on each corner of it for an hour. Then they leave the harrow in the water and go home. A similar rain-charm is resorted to in India; naked women drag a plough across the field by night. It is not said that they plunge the plough into a stream or sprinkle it with water. But the charm would hardly be complete without it. Sometimes the charm works through an animal. To procure rain the Peruvians used to set a black sheep in a field, poured chica over it, and gave it nothing to eat till rain fell. In a district of Sumatra all the women of the village, scantily clad, go to the river, wade into it, and splash each other with the water. A black cat is thrown into the water and made to swim about for a while, then allowed to escape to the bank, pursued by the splashing of the women. In these cases the color of the animal is part of the charm; being black it will darken the sky with rain-clouds. So the Bechuanas burn the stomach of an ox at evening, because they say, "the black smoke will gather the clouds, and cause the rain to come." The Timorese sacrifice a black pig for rain, a white or red one for sunshine. The Garos offer a black goat on the top of a very high mountain in time of drought. Sometimes people try to coerce the rain-god into giving rain. In China a huge dragon made of paper or wood, representing the rain-god, is carried about in procession; but if no rain follows, it is cursed and torn in pieces. In the like circumstances the Feloupes of Senegambia throw down their fetishes and drag them about the fields, cursing them till rain falls. Some Indians of the Orinoco worshipped toads and kept them in vessels in order to obtain from them rain or sunshine as might be required; when their prayers were not answered they beat the toads. Killing a frog is a European rain-charm. When the spirits withhold rain or sunshine, the Comanches whip a slave; if the gods prove obstinate, the victim is almost flayed alive. Here the human being may represent the god, like the leaf-clad Dodola. When the rice-crop is endangered by long drought, the governor of Battambang, a province of Siam, goes in great state to a certain pagoda and prays to Buddha for rain. Then, accom-

panied by his suite and followed by an enormous crowd, he adjourns to a plain behind the pagoda. Here a dummy figure has been made up, dressed in bright colors, and placed in the middle of the plain. A wild music begins to play; maddened by the din of drums and cymbals and crackers, and goaded on by their drivers, the elephants charge down on the dummy and trample it to pieces. After this, Buddha will soon give rain. When their corn is being burnt up by the sun, the Zulus look out for a "heaven-bird," kill it, and throw it into a pool. Then the heaven melts with tenderness for the death of the bird; "it wails for it by raining, wailing a funeral wail." In times of drought the Guanches of Teneriffe led their sheep to sacred ground, and there they separated the lambs from their dams, that their plaintive bleating might touch the heart of the god. A peculiar mode of making rain was adopted by the heathen Arabs. They tied two sorts of bushes to the tails and hind-legs of their cattle, and setting fire to the bushes drove the cattle to the top of a mountain, praying for rain.

**Mirrors of Mysteries....Divination Glasses....St. Louis Post-Dispatch**

Everybody has heard of the magic mirror, and everybody has taken it for granted that it was an instrument of fraud made possible by credulity and superstition. The Old Testament abounds with stories of divination by means of reflecting surfaces, such as shining metal, crystals, water and glass. The high priests sometimes received revelations from Jehovah in an ornament of six bright and six dark stones. Divination rings were also in use. The cup which Joseph put in Benjamin's sack was the cup from which he was wont to divine. The thumb nail has also been used, and has proved of marvellous power and faithfulness. While a favorite method in some places is to pour into the palm of the bent hand and in its depths read the messages from the unknown. Mirror-gazing was always popular in the Orient, and as a superstitious practice still prevails. In Egypt, in 1834, a magician conjured up the figure of Lord Nelson, which he described to the bystanders with perfect fidelity. The most successful of all these was a Dr. Dee, who lived in the latter part of the 16th century. He used a crystal called the Holy Stone, which was large and round. The regency of the Duke of Orleans through the death of the Prince was predicted by

means of the mirror. This is the last historical case of prophesy by this means. American spiritualists have used the mirror and pretended to have good results and accurate information from it. It is impossible to suppose that all the numerous instances of visions are wholly fraudulent. Some flick of truth must be in them, for there is too much unanimity of testimony and close agreement in the evidence to permit the belief of pure superstition. Nevertheless, no attempt was ever made, until the past ten years, to study the subject, and by sensible people all the stories were rejected as so many fables. But a few years ago a number of scientists in Germany and England took up the subject, and have gazed persistently into the mirror, and patiently awaited for the sights they hoped might reward them. They maintained that the tales of magicians could not all be sheer lies, and even though no prophecies were made on the strength of the mirror, something real must in some instances have appeared in the magic glass. Only the old-time magicians probably erred in attributing the images to an external influence. Whatever they saw in the mirror was put into it by the mind of the gazer, was a projection from the unconscious depths of the seer's own soul, not a reflection of any actual object present before the glass. With this assumption they began their experiments. The Berlin Society of Experimental Psychology laid in a stock of mirrors, crystals, and other reflecting surfaces, and the members waited for developments. But after a series of experiments extending over several years they had nothing to report. The mirrors give forth no visions. In England, however, better luck has attended the efforts of the Society of Psychical Research. A lady reports to the society a series of seventy experiments of which she made careful notes. She is said to be clear-headed, and fully alive to the fact that whatever is seen is simply a subjective illusion, as it is called. Colored bright balls, the back of a gold watch, mirrors, and rock crystal were all used, the last-mentioned producing the best results. The simplest case reported is this: "I find in the crystal a bit of dark wall covered with white jessamine, and I ask myself where have I walked to-day? I have no recollection of such a sight, not a common one in the London streets, but to-morrow I will repeat my walk of this morning with a careful regard for creeper-covered walls. To-morrow solves the mystery. I

find the very spot, and the sight brings with it the further recollection that at the moment we passed this spot I was engaged in absorbing conversation with my companion, and my voluntary attention was preoccupied." This was a simple case of double consciousness. When the lady passed the spot she did not know that a fact had passed into her consciousness, and she would never have known it had it not emerged and been reflected from the crystal. The next case is a curious one: "I had carelessly destroyed a letter without preserving the address of my correspondent. I knew the county, and, searching in a map, recognized the name of the town, one unfamiliar to me, but which I was sure I should know when I saw it. But I had no clue to the name of the house or street, till at last it struck me to test the value of the crystal as a means of recalling forgotten knowledge. A very short inspection supplied me with 'Hibbs House' in gray letters on a white ground, and having nothing better to suggest from any other source, I risked posting my letter to the address so strangely supplied. A day or two brought me an answer headed 'Hibbs House' in gray letters on a white ground." This was a trick of memory. The lady had the impression "Hibbs House" imbedded in her consciousness, and it is not mysterious that it came forth when tempted by the magic mirror, but it is mysterious that it should appear in gray letters on a white background. That seems to be a prophecy. Here is a case of mere memory, but it is marvellous and incredible. "On March 20th I happened to want the date of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which I could not recall, though feeling sure that I knew it, and that I associated it with some event of importance. When looking into the crystal some hours later I found a picture of an old man with a long white hair and beard, dressed like a Lyceum Shylock, and busy writing in a large book with tarnished massive clasps. I wondered much who he was, and what he could possibly be doing, and thought it a good opportunity of carrying out a suggestion which had been made to me of examining objects in the crystal with a magnifying glass. The glass revealed to me that my old gentleman was writing in Greek, though the lines faded away as I looked, all but the characters he had last traced, the Latin numerals, LXX. Then it flashed into my mind that he was one of the Jewish elders at work on the Septuagint, and that its date, 277 B.C.,

would serve equally well for Ptolemy Philadelphus. It may be worth while to add that the fact was not in my conscious memory at the moment that I had once learnt a chronology on a mnemonic system which substituted letters for figures, and that the memoria technica for this date was how Jewish elders indite a Greek copy." The use of the magnifying glass in this experiment only adds to the mirror. The numerals LXX. were, of course, projections of the experimenter's own sub-consciousness, but it is hard to explain how the magnifying glass, a mechanical device, gave definition to the vague hint of the crystal. In the case given above, the visions were clearly projections, or subjective illusions. The gazer got out of her mirror precisely what she put into it. The mirror acted as a sort of spur to the slumbering consciousness. But others are not so easily explained. "On Saturday, March 9th, I had written a somewhat impatient note to a friend, accusing her of having, on her return from a two-months' absence on the Continent, spent ten days in London, without paying me a visit. I was not, therefore, surprised when on Sunday evening she appeared before me in crystal, but could not understand why she should hold up, with an air of depreciation, what appeared to be a music portfolio. On Monday I received an answer, written the previous day, pleading guilty to my charge, but urging in excuse that she was attending the Royal Academy of Music, and was engaged there during the greater part of every day. This intelligence was to the last degree unexpected, for my friend is a married woman, who has never studied music in any but amateur style, and who, according to the standard of most ladies of fashion, had finished her education some years ago. I have since ascertained that she in fact carries a portfolio corresponding with the sketch I made of that seen in the vision." The explanation given of this is that the gazer was mistaken, that she had heard casually of her friend's newly awakened interest in music, and that the portfolio was a projection like the Jewish elder. The fact that the portfolio which she had seen was similar to that given by the crystal, is explained as a coincidence, but it is hard to believe. The only other way out of the difficulty is by referring the whole thing to telepathic influence—that is, thought transference. One more vision, perhaps the strangest in the list: "On the evening of March 11th, being tired, I was about to go early

to my room, when it occurred to me to wait for the last post, already late, that I might not be again disturbed by having letters brought to my room. I took up the crystal rather to pass away the time than with much expectation of seeing anything; for, as a rule, when one is tired, the concentration of attention necessary to crystal vision is somewhat difficult to attain. However, I perceived a white object on a dark ground, soon becoming more clearly defined, as a letter in a very large envelope torn at the edges as if not sufficiently strong to hold its contents. Another envelope of ordinary size, lying at the top, concealed the address, and the writing on the smaller one was too much blurred to decipher. The vision was momentary only or I might have applied the test of the magnifying glass, which is sometimes, though not always, of use in such cases. I thought it possible that the vision might be merely the result of affectation, but it seemed at least worth while, after making a note of the fact—my invariable rule whenever possible—to test its significance. As a matter of fact the letters were lying on a seat in the hall, showing white against the dark polished wood—placed there, possibly, by some one leaving the house, who had met the postman before he had time to ring. The letters were two, the lower one, which had burst the envelope, was the size of a sheet of letter paper not folded, and was for myself; the upper one the usual size of a note and not for me, which may have accounted for my inability to read the address." The question here is, "Did the two letters come by the last post?" "Were they not on the seat in the hall when the lady passed through earlier in the evening?" If so, it was merely a trick of memory. If not, then it was prevision.

**Suspended Animation....A Hindoo Anchorite's Death....Chambers's Journal**

My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right-hand man, who was present. Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and declining to obey was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce.

He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully-made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew, and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet's Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life. He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterward he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler. Runjeet Singh cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving—took place in the tyrant's own presence and before hundreds of spectators in open daylight and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitable would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet Singh's wishes.

## THE SONNET: LIGHT AND SHADE

Hampton Beach....Augustus Mendon Lord....Poems of the Sea

Down the white road, slow-winding to the sea  
 Through sunny inland farms where sleeping lie  
 Shadow-swept fields of corn and golden rye,  
 Or where the summer wind mysteriously  
 Chants to the pines its sea-born melody;  
 Or where, from plains of stubble, brown and dry,  
 The lofty elms stand clear against the sky,  
 I loiter on with careless step and free.  
 I hear the distant ocean breathing low,  
 Like some vast Titan wrapped in easy sleep;  
 Fanned by the strong winds of the freshening breeze,  
 I feel new life through all my being flow,  
 The unworn healing of the mighty deep,  
 The solemn benediction of the seas.

At the Play....Ione Kent....Boston Transcript

Amid a multitude we sat alone,  
 By friendly half-lights screened from wondering gaze;  
 Hand clasped in hand we watched the stage ablaze  
 With rainbow fires—saw Richard to his throne  
 Stride through his kinsmen's blood, to lose at last  
 Throne, life, and soul. What tragic forces swayed  
 This world in counterfeit! Yet undismayed,  
 Half in a dream we saw the scenes shift past;  
 And when the curtain fell upon the strife  
 We turned and smiled into each other's eyes  
 With unchecked love—as under broader skies,  
 When this strange pageantry which we call life  
 Has flitted by, somewhere we two shall sit  
 Together, smiling at the close of it.

Egypt....Charles Henry Luders....Representative Sonnets

The unfailing starlight falls upon the plain  
 Of Thebes; and on the warm, dark-bosomed Nile  
 Its myriad lanterns tremblingly the while  
 Glimmer like drops from a celestial rain.  
 Piercing the gloom of Karnak's pillared fane,

An obelisk, slim-rising, marks an aisle  
Of desert sand, where shattered sphinxes smile  
In ancient majesty and calm disdain.  
Swift wheels the round earth toward the yellow moon,  
And slowly, from the far horizon's rim,  
Thoth lifteth up his truth-emblazoned scroll;  
And a lone ibis, starting from its swoon  
To feel the lotos ponds no longer dim,  
Wings o'er the temple like a parting soul!

**Love's Supremacy....Louise Chandler Moulton....Poems**

I would, indeed, that Heaven had made me meek,  
Content to hold and fill a second place,  
Take lesser love as undeservèd grace,  
And bow my thankful head when one should speak  
Me gently, touch with careless hand my cheek,  
Or bend sometimes and kiss my upraised face,  
Since she, forsooth, is in her far-off place,  
For whom his highest homage seemed too weak.  
But I was made with passionate strong soul,  
And what I would, I would have wholly mine;  
And if I bow my head to Love's control,  
And to his keeping all myself consign,  
It must be Love that answers to my need,  
That loves me wholly, and is Love indeed.

**A Thunder Storm....Thomas Stephens Collier....Song Spray**

Heavy and black along the western hi'l's  
The low clouds hang, their ragged upper edge  
Touching the sun, that sends a golden wedge  
Down through the dark; a thunder echo fills  
The heated air; the birds sing in soft trills;  
A wind wave shakes the river's reedy sedge  
And stirs the bushes on the beetling ledge;  
Then moaning storm-sobs every movement stills,  
The clouds roll o'er the sun: the sturdy trees  
Bend to the fury of the surging blast;  
A fierce red flash shines on the sombre plain;  
Then down the slopes, like high, foam-crested seas  
That on some rocky coast beat hard and fast,  
Comes the wild tumult of the rushing rain.

## CONCERNING THE INNER MAN

**The Philosophy of Eating....Gossip of Cooking....N. Y. Recorder**

It has been said recently that Gladstone, the English statesman, lays stress upon his habits of eating as one secret of his extraordinary vitality and capacity for hard work at a time of life when most men, fortunate enough to be still in the flesh, are thinking of nothing but their ailments. Mr. Gladstone confided to an interviewer that not only what he ate, but how he ate, was of vast importance to his comfort and health. He loved good living, but he had so trained his taste that food which experience has taught him was hurtful became positively distasteful to him. He was not fond of gastronomic experiments. He held fast to the dishes he knew—good roast beef and mutton, bread and potatoes, with a mug of ale or some light claret. He wanted no highly-spiced food, no pastries, no elaborate menus requiring foreign cooks for their preparation. Next to simplicity in food the greatest Englishman of his day believes in thorough mastication, saying that he chews every mouthful with systematic thoroughness. He made long ago some experiments in “bolting” one meal and then masticating the next properly, the results showing that the immediate effects of hasty eating, to say nothing of permanent injury to the stomach, were quite remarkable. One hour after a bolted meal, even of the best material—say roast beef, baked potatoes, bread, and ale—the mind refused to work without urging; the body was uneasy and remained so for hours. Small difficulties were magnified, and all the symptoms of dyspepsia in a mild form were present. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone found that the same dinner, properly eaten with due deliberation and much mastication, produced exactly opposite results; an hour after the meal any kind of work was a pleasure. In the same fashion he experimented with various kinds of foods, arriving at the conclusion that food is less responsible for a disordered stomach than the manner in which it is eaten. He noted minutely the effect of a simple dinner well eaten, and then of a rich dinner of improper food equally well eaten. There was bodily discomfort and mental inertia after the improper food properly eaten, but in no such degree as was noted when proper food was “bolted.” The French are the light-hearted

people of Europe—the gay French they are called—and the elastic fashion in which they recovered from the Franco-German War was the wonder and admiration of the world. Perhaps the care given to cooking and eating had much to do with it. I once knew an old French lady who, at the end of her first boarding-house dinner in this New World, burst into tears with the remark that an existence of dinners without soup, wine, or coffee was not worth living. She could not understand that people could either work or play properly when dinner was thus shorn of its best features. It sounds trite to say that the simplest meal can be made gastronomically effective by intelligent taste and care. In any manufacturing establishment the boiler-room is the object of the utmost care; the fuel, the manner in which it is used, are matters of importance, for upon the fires depend the power to which the whole building looks for effective work. Food is our fuel and the stomach is the furnace in which we use it. How long would a boiler do its work if fed with the same haphazard recklessness we show in maintaining the human fire? It was the excellent Dr. Kitchener, the author of *The Cook's Oracle*, who first declared that none but a hungry waiter could appreciate the importance of having the plates warm and the wine cool. Little niceties of dining are apt to be regarded with absolute indifference by a man who has dined well and feels that he never cares to dine again. The hungry waiter will feel for the hungry man whom he serves. Upon the other hand, I have heard it argued that only the man who has dined can serve a dinner with proper repose. The hungry waiter may be excited by the good things before him to hurry the meal in an unseemly fashion; and hurry, or the semblance of hurry, is fatal to a dinner. A waiter who whisks on and off the courses is a sinner against gastronomic law; everything pertaining to dinner should be done as if time was made for dining. According to an old gentleman with a face reddened by the fires of many kitchens, with civilization in New York came the French cooks, or, as he would probably put it, with the French cooks came civilization. When, therefore, it is considered that this country has nearly six hundred cooks who are members of the Société Culinaire, volumes are spoken for the civilization of the country. The Société is organized to maintain an *esprit de corps* among its members. A chef is not allowed to do certain things. For

instance, he must refuse to sacrifice his art to any such consideration as economy. If some great light of the profession has invented a dish requiring twenty dozen yolks of eggs, his colleague must not attempt to concoct the same dish with nineteen dozen, and thereby risk spoiling the other master's reputation. One of our famous club chefs who refused to do this sort of thing and threw up his situation was voted a medal by the Société and had a new kind of tart named after him. The gentleman in question was inclined to attribute the degeneration of cooking from the days of Brillat-Savarin to the fact that the great hotels of Europe and this country now pay the salaries which attract the lights of the profession, and yet economy must be studied in cooking for a hotel. The cook loses tone when he has to study economy. We have heard a great deal of recent years of the enormous sums paid by American millionaires for their cooks; the generation seems to be in danger of forgetting that it takes more than money to make a perfect meal. That some of the simplest dinners are the best is well known. Dr. Kitchener was never tired of telling his friends that money was the least essential in the preparation of a really good dinner. Some people may have imagined that Kitchener was the nom de plume of some serious gourmand who lived to eat. On the contrary, Dr. Kitchener was a very real personage in his time—a gourmet, a wit, a musician, and a man of science, who believed that eating and cooking should be ranked among the fine arts. William Kitchener was educated at Eton. His father was a London coal merchant who amassed a fortune and left his son a competence. The son's character was eccentric in no common degree, but underneath his oddities there was a basis of good sense. His wife, it is true, quarrelled with him and left him. Having to attend to his own domestic arrangements, and being something of a *bon vivant*, he assumed the direction of his kitchen and superintended the preparation of his food in person. There may have been a special reason for this. In one of his books he confesses to an extraordinary love of animal food, which may have been the result of disease, although we hear of no such stories as are told of Dr. Johnson's appetite and of that veal pie, well stuffed with plums, which was wont to produce such spasms of gluttony in the great lexicographer. Dr. Kitchener rose at a stated hour and went down to breakfast at 8:30, took luncheon at

noon, dined at 5, supped at 9:30, and went to bed at 11. Breakfast was light but nourishing. Luncheon was a more substantial meal—savory pâtés, potted meats of various kinds, fried and broiled fish, grills, cutlets, and entrées, together with sound wine and excellent coffee and liqueurs, made up the mid-day repast. A 5-o'clock dinner, arranged according to the precepts set forth in Dr. Kitchener's famous book, led up to the comfortable supper which brought the well-spent day to a close. It must not be imagined that so much eating and drinking resulted in selfishness. The good doctor delighted in hospitality. When he gave a dinner party the guests were invited for 5 o'clock, and at five minutes past that hour the street-door was locked and the key laid upon the dinner-table. For many years he gave a dinner every Tuesday evening, and on these occasions a placard was suspended over the chimney-piece with the inscription: "Come at 7—go at 11." Tradition says that George Colman the younger once inserted the word "it" after the "go." Oysters, of course, began the doctor's meal. "Delicate little creatures," he exclaims in a letter, "they are as exquisite in their own taste as in that of others. Common people," he tells us, "are indifferent about the manner of opening oysters and the time of eating them after they are opened. Nothing, however, is more important in the enlightened eyes of the experienced oyster-eater. Those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in its utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy in the under shell. If not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost. The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open it himself and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodgings till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death." This is almost as attractive a picture as that of Piscator, in the Complete Angler, impaling the worm upon the hook "as if he loved him." In the way of extravagant menus the writer has some from Paris and some from New York. One of the Paris menus appeared in Figaro, and was for a dinner costing 103 francs, or \$21, at the Café Anglais, of which sum 45 francs was for wine. As against this modest repast the following extravagant and

extraordinary mixture was proposed by a New York chef as something which a millionaire might eat, pay for, and—live: Sherry cocktail, 30 cents; oysters on half shell, 50 cents; Yquem Crème de Tête, \$8; green turtle soup, 75 cents; half bottle Ashburton sherry, 1840, \$3; Alose à la Maréchale, \$2.50; Steinberg Kaiserwein, \$10.50; cucumbers, \$1; croustades de truffes, \$4; lamb, mint sauce, \$10; little peas, \$1.25; champagne, \$4; ris de veau à la Choiseul, \$2; terrapins au madère, \$4; sorbet, \$1; cigarettes, 25 cents; chaud-froid d'alouettes, \$5; Château Lafitte, 1865, \$6; faisant d'Angleterre, \$10; Clos Vougeot, \$10; chicoré salade, 50 cents; old port, \$2.50; glacé Nesselrode, \$1; Madeira, 1834, \$7; strawberries, \$5; grapes, \$4; café, 25 cents; poussé café, 40 cents; cognac, 40 cents; cigars, \$1.50; flowers, \$7; decorated menu, \$5; total, \$109.50. To go back to simplicity. It has often been asked how eating could be made profitable to mind and body when the larder contained but little meat and no costly trimmings. A diet of oatmeal and vegetables is profitable if it permits people to obtain a country life, plenty of sunshine, leisure, books, and a wood fire. Here again I believe that a little intelligent work in the kitchen will result in making much out of little. Soups cost next to nothing. The French peasant thrives upon what our American housewives throw away. There are a dozen little books published which show how good living may be obtained at small money cost; intelligence is the one essential. Bronson Alcott was responsible for many of the dietetic vagaries supposed to accompany intellectual activity of the transcendental type. He followed out his vegetarian precepts at Fruitlands, accepting only such vegetables as grew upward, rejecting potatoes, beets, and carrots as unclean, and taking cabbages, tomatoes, and fruits. Alcott would allow no manure on the fields of Fruitlands, denouncing its use as a wicked forcing of nature, from which we may infer that the cabbages were poor. No wonder that members of the devoted band now and then, in moments of weakness, appealed to the neighboring farmers for a good meal of meat, bread, and potatoes.

**A Sixteenth-Century Dinner....Sir Austen Layard....Murray's Magazine**

A dinner was given in November, 1589, by Marcantonio Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples, on his marriage with the Princess Orsini Peretti, niece of Pius V., at which several

cardinals were present. On the plates were little figures of boys holding shields on which were the arms of the guests—so that they could find their places without causing confusion—and Cupids and angels holding labels with amorous mottoes and nosegays. The first course of the "Credenza" was of twenty-one dishes, including salads of radishes, capers, and kids' feet, heads of wild boars boiled in wine, with their snouts silvered and artificial fire issuing from them, garnished with herbs and flowers; salted buffalo tongues boiled in wine; cock pheasants on their feet, as if alive, and holding perfumes in their beaks; and roast peacocks served with a sauce made of pomegranates and lemons, their beaks and feet gilt, and their beautiful necks and tails displayed. In the first course of hot meats were the most delicate birds—ortolans, pheasants, woodcocks, larks, and "tordi" (fieldfares); in the second, of twenty dishes, calves' heads with stuffing, roasted on the spit; Bologna sausages, capons stuffed with chestnuts, roast red-legged partridges in paper garnished with sour oranges, roast gray partridges stuffed in the Spanish fashion and sprinkled with rose-water, and a sweet dish called "bocchi di dame" (ladies' mouths), made by the nuns. The third course was of eighteen dishes, among which were pheasants stuffed with truffles, olives, and fresh fennel, garnished with sour oranges and fennel, roast sucking-pigs, peacocks larded with lampreys and stuffed with truffles, Indian pigeons, large truffles surmounted by imperial crowns, tender crabs, eaten with salt and vinegar, with a ducal coronet upon each, and lobsters crowned with the papal tiara. The second course of the "Credenza" consisted of twelve dishes, among which were entire truffles served in napkins, and sweet fennel and thistles served with butter in silver plates and garnished with sour oranges and ginger. After the dinner were handed round sweetmeats from different parts of Italy, such as preserved fruits from Genoa, which is still renowned for them, quince-cheese of Naples, "vasetti" from Bologna, "persicata" (peach-cheese), also from Genoa, little boxes (of comfits) from the Romagna, sticks of cinnamon from Bergamo, and bon-bons from Foligno, and Portuguese marmalade.

## CONFESSING THE SCARLET LETTER \*

*Famous Chapters from Famous Books.*

Never, on New England soil, had stood the man honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshipping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned toward the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from Heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren—it was the venerable John Wilson—observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described,

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From "The Scarlet Letter." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is the closing scene of the sombre romance of Hester Prynne, who for seven years wore the scarlet letter "A," as a badge of shame and a punishment for her sin, among the staid Puritans, in whose society she was an outcast. The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale on this day had made the success of his life, in a masterly sermon at the installation of the new governor. He was loved and honored by all, except Dr. Roger Chillingworth, whom Hester married years before. With diabolic cunning he has haunted Dimmesdale's life for years in planning secret revenge.

which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare.

There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast!

The minister here made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward—onward to the festival! but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance, judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned toward the scaffold as he approached it, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees.

Hester Prynne—slowly as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will—likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him.

At this instant, old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd—or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil, was his look, he rose up out of some nether region—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward, and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

Mr. Dimmesdale again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace, at this last moment, to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might! with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work.

They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his.

Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret—no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me—save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which He hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them.

The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe—"ye, that have loved me—ye, that have deemed me holy—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last!—at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the

bodily weakness—and, still more, the faintness of heart—that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness—so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world!—and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you, that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast.

It was revealed!

But it were irreverent to describe that revelation.

For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory.

Then, down he sank upon the scaffold!

Hester partly raised him and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once.  
"Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child—"dear little

Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldest not, yonder, in the forest! But now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it.

Toward her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes. Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions.

"By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast!

"By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat!

"By bringing me hither to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people!

"Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

## HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

**Queer Collections....Studies for the Curious....London Globe**

"All collections," says M. Feuillet de Couches, in his *Causeries d'un Curieux*, "are useful, although some may be more useful than others." It is difficult, on the first blush, to see the use of, say, a collection of ropes which have served to hang celebrated criminals, or a collection of bills of fare or *menus*. It is not until one looks through them, as it were, and finds reflected in their faces the images—frequently very dim—of things past that one can find in them anything but so many senseless curiosities, of real value to no man. Granted this, one may, perhaps, be willing to concede the position taken up by the chatty and learned Frenchman, provided that gentleman is willing, in return, to allow for the disproportionate trouble and expense in many instances incurred. For the labor undergone and the money expended in the formation of a museum of curios are very considerable, and it is noteworthy that men with hobbies are mainly those who, thanks to their own energies or a rich father, are blessed with plenty of time and more hard cash than they know what to do with. Even a collection of corks made by a compatriot of M. Feuillet de Couches cost him a large part of his income, what with employing agents to gather different kinds, and with consuming a large quantity of wine between himself and his friends, just in order that he might possess the corks. A collection of dedications, too, is not a cheap thing, nor even a desirable thing, if the collector is to buy the books and mutilate them just to add one page from each to his illustrations of the art of soft sawder. *Menus* need not be expensive, provided a man is often asked out to dinner; but historians' photographs are not so common, and therefore command a "tall" figure. Autographs fluctuate, but if they are worth having at all are never very cheap; neither are canes, of which several collections have been in the market. The first gentleman of whom history has to tell as a rope fancier was Sir Thomas Blount, who by the irony of fate was hanged himself by Henry IV. His collection contained ropes which, according to the notes annexed, had served in executions when the culprit (invariably a Jew) was suspended between two dogs, or with a dog tied to his feet.

There, too, was the silken cord which Lord Ferrers begged hard to have substituted for the hempen one. Bowstrings, which had done duty in the East, abounded; and there was one rope which professed to be the identical one with which Lord Bacon's friend *se pendit par forme de récréation*. In this century, the principal collector of famous ropes has been Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, a member of the Royal Humane Society. To each of his ropes was attached a memoir of the subject or sufferer; and in most instances, the last dying speech and confession was annexed, proving, according to our Frenchman, the perfection to which, by dint of practice, the eloquence of the drop has arrived in the United Kingdom. "Can it be," he asks, "as is asserted on the authority of an English writer, whose name I forget, that in England masters were wont to practise their pupils in this kind of composition, so that every good Englishman, on entering into the world, had his peroration ready in case of the accident of the gallows?" Yes, sir, that is so. In a collection of gloves once were included pairs said to have been worn by Laertes and by Xenophon; but it seems to us there is room to doubt their genuineness, though not so much, perhaps, as in the case of Robert Hubert's collection put on show at the Mitre, near the west-end of St. Paul's, in 1664. This unique exhibition was the result of thirty years' travel in foreign lands, and included the thigh bone of a Syrian giant; a cat with two bodies, eight legs, two tails, and but one head; a chameleon of Barbary; a great African lizard "so loving to man that if the man be asleep and in danger from some creature, he will wake him;" and a rose of Jericho a hundred years old, which could, nevertheless, "open so wide that it cannot well be put in one's hat, and the next day will be closed less than one's fist." Much more extreme in the matter of oddities was the collection of an ex-gardener of Charles I. This could brag of several "landskips," beasts, cities, trees, etc., naturally cut in stone; the gloves of the Conqueror; Anne Boleyn's night veil; Henry VIII.'s gloves, stirrup's, and dog's collar; a trunnion of Drake's ship; and among more ancient curiosities, a piece of stone, from the tomb of the Baptist, another from the tomb of Diana, and a third from Sarrigo Castle, the birthplace of Helen of Greece. In another collection, equally curious, which Steele has honored with a notice, there were to be found an elf's arrow; a

mermaiden (genuine!); an instrument for scratching the backs of Chinese ladies; a piece of Solomon's temple; a necklace made of Job's tears; Pontius Pilate's wife's great-grandmother's hat; a starved cat in the act of catching two mice, found between the walls of Westminster Abbey; and several more of the same highly-interesting character, in addition to such commonplace things as Queen Elizabeth's work-basket, the "flaming" sword of the Conqueror, and two arrows that belonged once upon a time to bold Robin Hood. The men who brought together such heterogeneous things as these are the great men—the men of splendid imaginings among hobby horse riders. They are very few and far between. Ordinary individuals cannot grasp the situation in all its bearings; a sphere more limited is their proper place. They take up a single instrument, so to speak, and play infinite tunes upon it, more or less well, according to the expansive nature of their purse strings. We have heard of men who went in for spoons, knives, forks, keys, buttons, and even pebbles; and M. Nestor Roqueplan let his choice fall upon warming pans. "Who troubles himself about a warming pan?" asks Serjeant Buzfuz. M. Roqueplan might have stood forward and said in a loud and proud voice, "I do." He had a gallery devoted to them, and in this gallery visitors might have seen the identical articles that had once taken the chill off the bed sheets of Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis, Diane de Poitiers, Mdlle. de Fontange, Mdme. Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette, to say nothing of a host of others which had paid honor to so many less exalted personages. Another French enthusiast chose beans, and actually wrote a book detailing the beauties of those in his possession. He was a good instance of enthusiasm run crazy; he paid five hundred francs for five Chinese beans unfamiliar to Europeans, and hastened his death by fretting over the mysterious disappearance of some Japanese haricots upon which he set a great price.

**Sewerage in European Cities....Dr. Keyser....Official Report**

I found in Berlin a complete set of sewers running through the city, which, uniting in larger ones called conductors, carry the great mass of sewage to the places of deposit, where machinery is erected to pump it out, as the river Spree, which is a small sluggish stream running to the city, cannot be used

as a receptacle or dumping place for anything. Nothing but surface water, waste from yards, kitchen, and water-closets is permitted to run into the sewers. Even to prevent the great quantity of the dirt from the ordinary dropping of the horses and the wear and tear of the streets, men are continually employed gathering such waste together and depositing it in ornamental iron receptacles, which are to be seen in every square, from whence it is removed at night by carts. No bits of paper, garbage, or débris of any kind are suffered to be thrown into the streets. These are collected in bags and boxes and hauled out of the city for whatever use they can be put to. Everything, more or less, is put to some use in one way or the other. Waste as in this country is really unknown. All of the sewage matter is used for cultivation around the city. Berlin was founded on a barren sand plain, and for a long time all the fruits and vegetables were brought into the city from distant parts of the country. But since the utilization of sewage matter the surroundings of Berlin have become magnificent fertile tracts, developing gardens producing almost everything necessary in the way of food for the inhabitants. To make this sewage useful sewers were built in every street, large and small, according to the character of the street, and uniting into a system which carries the matter into large places or basins, from which it is pumped up to give it flow into other canals or sewers running out into the country. As the whole territory around is very flat, it is necessary to have stations for pumping the water up to get the required elevation to give the further flow to extend to certain distances. From these stations it runs into many canals, which are connected and can be shut off as needed. The smaller canals run throughout the country, irrigating the soil and permitting the deposit of the solid matter as it runs along. This solid matter is at times scraped out of the canals and thrown on the land, making very fertile soil. Dresden I found a very clean city, with a system of sewers not as thorough, but sufficient to relieve that city for its present needs. The river Elbe running through the city, dividing the old from the new part, is a large, swift-flowing stream, into which the sewers empty, and everything is carried down in the rapid flow. The country around the city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main is so good for all character of cultivation that it is not needed to irrigate

with the water from the sewers, and here is found a different system for the disposal of the sewage. There is the same arrangement as to the cleanliness of the streets as it found in all the cities in Germany, and nothing but the surface water and that coming from the kitchens, yards, and water-closets passes into the sewers. There is a regular system of sewers, small and large, running throughout the city, and all make final connection into a large one which runs along the river front and down below the city at distance, when it dips under the river, crossing over to the other side to a large works called Klarbecken Anlage (works of the settling basins). As the large sewer reaches the left bank of the river it is met by one coming from Sachsenhausen, an old town which is now part of Frankfurt, but on the opposite side of the river. These settling basins are made quite deep under the ground, so as to get the proper fall for the sewer water to run into them. As the water, which comes with quite a force, enters the works it runs over gates or sieves to catch the larger particles of stuff that may be carried along the stream. These large particles are shoveled off by men constantly, day and night, and hoisted up to the surface and deposited in a place therefor, from whence it is sold and hauled away. Destructible matter which would decompose is burned. After passing over the gates the water runs into the settling basins, which are six metres wide at the top, 5.4 metres at the bottom, and 8.24 long; at the entrance two metres, and exit three metres deep. There are two sets or series of these basins with six in each, making twelve in all. Each basin has the capacity of 1,100 cubic metres, so that the water in each remains six hours. The rapidity of flow is equal to five in and three out, at an average of four mm. per second. Each group is calculated to receive a normal flow up to 20,000 cubic metres, and in stormy weather a flow up to 40,000 cubic metres per day. The whole works are arranged for 40,000 to 80,000 cubic metres per day. These basins are covered with arches of brick, with large air holes to admit light and air. To destry any odor or deleterious action of the water an arrangement is made to mix two solutions—one, sulphate of thonerde (clay), the other lime—with it, just as it is about going into the basins. These solutions are made by machinery and run through tubes with many holes, and are placed just over the duct as the sewer water comes through the sieve to

the settling basins. These mixtures destroy all deleterious matter and action, and cause the solid matter to settle by the time the lower end of the basin is reached in the regular course of the flow. At the lower end of each basin is a large gate, which can be raised when necessary to cleanse or make repairs. These gates are kept closed and the water passing over is perfectly clear and is run into the river Main. The slimy settling from the water flows to the lower part of the basin, and is pumped out by steam machinery and deposited in spaces or vats made for it just beyond the works. From here it is taken away free of expense by the farmers in the neighborhood, who come for it in wagons, or ship it in boats up and down the river to more distant places. In connection with the sewers there are in different parts of the city high, beautifully built ventilation towers, which carry off all the gases, so that nothing rises up from the openings in the street. These towers are very ornamental and not in the least objectionable. In Paris there is a complete system of sewers, large and small, and only surface water with that from the yards, kitchens, and water-closets is permitted to flow into them. At one time the sewers emptied into the river Seine, which divides the city, but these outlets are now all cut off by large sewers called conductors, which convey the contents to the outer parts of the city for utilization in irrigating and cultivating the surrounding country. The whole system is a perfect one and of much benefit in the production of fine fruits, vegetables, and flowers. In the collecting and removal of cesspool matter there are at present four systems: the permanent, the movable, the filter, and the sewers. The permanent is the oldest method, which consists of a large cesspool in the courtyard of each house, into which the water-closets drain; and when the pool is nearly full its contents are pumped out at night and carried away. This system, although not introduced into any houses the past two years, is still the most in use, there being 64,700 such pools in the city. The cleansing of these is done by steam pumps in charge of a company, who takes the matter out to dumps in the country where they have factories to manufacture sulphate of ammonia by distilling the liquid after the separation of the solid, and making poudrette from the latter. In the outskirts of the city the cleansing of the sinks is still done by old hand pumps. The movable system is that of receptacles

like barrels, crocks, etc., with covers, which are stood in the closets on the different floors of the houses and removed when full. This removal is done in the daytime. They are cumbersome and very unhealthy. The use of such receptacles is decreasing very fast. There are 17,700 in use. The filter system is much used, there being 33,800 in existence. This is composed of a cistern of masonry having a filter pipe running into the sewer. In the centre of this cistern stands a tub into which the pipes from the closets open. The solid matter flowing into this tub settles therein, while the liquid flows over into surrounding cistern, to pass out through the filters into the sewer. It is the purpose to clean the inside tub when full before any of the solid matter contained therein can run over into the cistern and block up the filters. But this is not always attended to in time, and when an overflow occurs the whole affair becomes a filthy, dirty place, and, becoming infectious is a great source of disease. To get rid of all such infectious spots, a law was passed in 1886 requiring all closets and slop drains to be connected directly with the sewer. The sewer system is well known and similar to that used in Philadelphia, except in the sizes and shape; the only difference being in that which is permitted to flow therein. Great care is taken that no solid particles, such as vegetables, papers, etc., are permitted to be thrown down the inlets nor into the streets. Any one throwing such into the street is obliged by the police to pick them up at once and carry them away. The sewage water is carried to the outskirts of the city in different directions to stations, where it passes over iron gratings or sieves to separate the larger particles that may unavoidably get in, and runs into the reservoir, from which it is pumped into another reservoir, raised ten or twelve feet above the surface of the ground, to give it fall enough to cause it to run into and through many ditches in the land to be irrigated. The openings in these reservoirs are in the bottom, so that the settling can run out with the flow. This system is an excellent one, and is of great utility to the surrounding country. The final running of the water from these irrigating ditches is perfectly clear and pure (by chemical tests made continually on the spot) and run into the river. In passing through the sewer I was surprised at the loss of odor. Nothing unpleasant was found. The sewers are constantly flushed by letting water run in the

different streets daily at stated times. This is nicely done by an arrangement much better than our unsightly fire-plugs, and the stream is not thrown out into the streets, but only in the gutter, where the hydrant or plug is situated.

**Signalling at Sea....Talking by Colored Flags....Chambers's Journal**

Signalling by means of colored flags has been of very slow growth. Permutation of numbered flags as a method of giving and obtaining information at sea was introduced not quite one hundred years ago. Previously each flag was used singly, and its signification varied with the position of the ship at which it was shown. The same flag if hoisted at the main would convey a meaning different from that intended when displayed at the fore, or even in the rigging. The gallant Kempenfelt in 1780 had advanced to the use of flag symbols in pairs, but after a plan of his own. This was in the good old days when long voyages were always *de rigueur*. Then the first news received by our forefathers with respect to the conditions and whereabouts of their absent argosies was when they saw them entering a home port. High pressure life was the exception, and the latest information was not so essential to the conduct of big "booms" or cotton "corners." Steam power and electricity have much to answer for in this respect. Speaking ships at sea by flag symbols, as at present carried out, is one of the peace triumphs of the Victorian half-century. The international code of signals, formulated by a committee appointed by the Board of Trade in 1855, met with general favor, and ultimately superseded the many codes which were held in more or less esteem. Ships belonging to the same nation were often unable to converse, owing to the fact that different codes were in use on board of them. The confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was insignificant in comparison with that which hitherto had prevailed in transmitting messages at sea. Now the ships of every maritime nation employ the same code. The committee carefully considered such systems as had been from time to time in use in both British and foreign shipping. They found that none of them fulfilled the more modern requirements of mariners, and drew up a code by adopting the best features of several. Our comprehensive, simple, and inexpensive code is the result of their labors. Eighteen flags of various shapes and colors were adopted as sufficient for all

the purposes of signalling at sea. They express the intended meaning by combining two, three, or four flags in different order. Each permutation of two or more flags forms a complete signal in itself, to which an arbitrary but invariable signification has been allotted in the signal book. The eighteen flags give 306 permutations when hoisted two at a time, 48,896 in hoists of three, and 73,440 in hoists of four at a time. Hence, altogether there are 78,642 different orders in which the eighteen flags can be arranged as distinct signals, without hoisting fewer than two or more than four flags at one time! This number is sufficient for all practical purposes. The meaning of each signal is given in the signal book immediately over against the letters represented by the flags hoisted. The International Code consists of a swallow-tailed burgee, four triangular pennants, and thirteen square flags. Each of these flags bears the name of a consonant, merely to distinguish them for convenience of reference. Vowels were not used, for the curious but cogent reason that by introducing them every objectionable word composed of four letters in any language would appear in the code in the course of altering the arrangement of the letters of the alphabet. The burgee B is red. C, D, F, are pennants; a red ball on white ground, a white ball on blue ground, and a white ball on red ground, respectively. G is a pennant with yellow inner and blue outer half. Square flags are: H, a red and a white stripe, both vertical; J, blue, white and blue, horizontal stripes; K, a yellow and a blue stripe, both vertical; L, divided into two blue and two yellow checkers; M, blue with white diagonals; N, eight blue and white checkers; P, a white central square with blue border; Q, all yellow; R, red with yellow cross; S, blue central square with white border; T, a red, a white, and a blue stripe, all vertical; V, white with red diagonals; W, red central square bordered by white, and that again by blue. An extra answering pennant of five vertical stripes, alternately red and white, is also used. With the above explanation, it would be easy for any of our readers to construct drawing of the flags for themselves. A few examples, selected from actual work, will explain more clearly the method of using flag signals. The International Code is supplied to lightships, light-houses, and signal stations along the coasts of civilized countries and their dependencies. Perim Light Station, at the entrance to the Red Sea, is a sequestered

spot, and the keeper, conversant with flag language, is glad to communicate with passing ships. We remember a large steamship passing and her master observed three successive signals made by the light-keeper: FDKN (When shall I) QCP (be) DQLW (relieved)? The tired watch must have been disappointed on seeing the ship run up RWQ (Unknown). Once, when homeward-bound from the East Indies, we had signalled and left astern another sailing ship. Shortly afterward our maintopsail yard broke; sail was shortened, and our friend soon overhauled us. BGH (Has any accident happened?) quickly fluttered at his mizzen peak. We replied by JLV (Maintopsail yard) JKR (gone in the slings); and her master was almost as wise as we were. Then he favored us with HVF (Do you require assistance?) and BQG (Shall we keep company), both of which were answered negatively. Then BPW (Do you wish to be reported?). Our captain's answer was PQG (Report me to my owners). Our ensigns again dipped farewell, and she was soon out of sight ahead. We were wroth to think that such a slow sailer had the advantage; but, strange to say, we arrived at the Downs first, and were thus able to report speaking her. In signals made with two flags the burgee uppermost represents attention; thus, BD (What ship is that). Pennant uppermost is compass signal; DB, east. Square flag uppermost points out danger; PT, want a pilot. In signals composed of four flags the burgee uppermost is geographical; thus, BFQT, Edinburgh. Pennant uppermost is used in spelling a name or a word of which there is a doubt. Thus to spell "Chambers" would involve four hoists: CBKG (Ch), CBDW (am), CBGS (be), CFJW (rs). This is rather a tedious operation, owing to the fact of the absence of vowels as explained above. Square flag uppermost is ship's name, JSHG, Tainui of Glasgow. Three-flag signals express latitude, longitude, time, and all ordinary communications, of which we have given several selections. Signal flags can only be depended upon when their colors can be made out, and a code for such an emergency is given at the end of the signal book. The mercantile marine has no such historical signal as that which Nelson hoisted on board the Victory at Trafalgar; but we have confined our illustrations to our merchant-ship signals, in the belief that peace has victories also.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

**A Stolen Heart....John Suckling....Collected Poems**

I prithee send me back my heart,  
Since I can not have thine;  
For if from yours you will not part  
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together ?  
O love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For, when I think I'm most resolved,  
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she has mine.

**Skipper Ireson's Ride....John Greenleaf Whittier....Poems**

Of all the rides since the birth of Time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human hack,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,

Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corr  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase;  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang:  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corr  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own towns-people on her deck!  
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him;  
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea—  
Looked for the coming that might not be!  
What did the winds and sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
 Sharp tongued-spinsters, old wives gray  
 Treble lent the fishhorn's bray.  
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
 Shook head and fist and hat and cane,  
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corr  
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
 Little the wicked skipper knew  
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
 Riding there in his sorry trim,  
 Like an Indian idol, glum and grim,  
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
 Of voices shouting far and near:  
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corr  
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—  
 "What to me is this noisy ride?  
 What is the shame that clothes the skin  
 To the nameless horror that lives within?  
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
 Hate me and curse me—I only dread  
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"  
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
 Said, "God has touched him—why should we?"  
 Said an old wife, mourning her only son,  
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,

And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

**What is Prayer?....James Montgomery....Poems**

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,  
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord! teach us how to pray!

## TRIUMPH OF THE VICOMTESSE \*

As Arnout reached the cottage, full of his many wrongs, he saw that Madame de Mongelas was standing at her window and beckoning to him. He went up to her.

"Your Aunt Barsselius has come," she said, "and she is going to take you back with her. They say you must return to Overstad. Are you obedient, mon preux chevalier?"

"Obedient?" he answered indignantly. "I am not a child. I am going back of my own account."

"Indeed!" she said quickly. "That is hardly polite. But I suppose I have scarcely a right to expect politeness. You should not have spoilt me hitherto."

"I am not impolite," replied Arnout; "I am truthful. What do you care whether I go or stay?"

"I?" she said. "What should I care?" She lay back in a cloud of white muslin, her magnificent hair coiled over her haughty head. The hands were toying with a pair of purple roses. And with the indolent, dreamy lustre of her half-veiled eyes she seemed to enfold him and hold him imprisoned. "What should I care?" she said.

Then suddenly her manner changed. She sat up. Her eyes opened wide, and flashed fire.

"Do not go," she said. "Wait till Monday; that is all I ask. I myself shall leave this house on Monday for good. Wait till then—for my sake."

"But, madame," objected Arnout impatiently, "if my aunts want me to go——"

"Oh, most dutiful of nephews, that is just why I desire you to stay. Do not laugh at me. I will tell you; we have been such good friends. I am afraid of your Aunt Suzanna. It is foolish, it is absurd. She can look at me as though she would kill me. I am weak; I am nervous. Do not leave me alone with her, mon ami. She will do me a mischief."

\* From "An Old Maid's Love." By Maarten Maartens. Harper & Bros. Suzanna Varelkamp, about sixty years old, lives with her nephew Arnout, in her home in Holland. An accident to her carriage leaves the beautiful, young Vicomtesse de Mongelas with a sprained ankle, dependent on their hospitality. Arnout is fascinated by the beautiful Frenchwoman who has now been with them a week; his aunt in her love for him is desperately jealous and wants him to return to college, at Overstad. The widow Barsselius is Suzanna's rich sister who lives near her.

"But, madame——" began Arnout again, this time in indignant amazement.

"I know, I know all you would say. But you cannot conquer my presentiment. She is very angry with me, the old lady. She is jealous. For she fancies I have stolen your heart away from her."

She waited for a few moments, plucking nervously at one of her roses. Then she said: "Well?"

Still Arnout did not speak.

"Tiens!" she cried; and she flung her flowers into his lap. "Take them and go. Prends les et va-t-en!" She had dropped suddenly into the familiar "thou." Arnout started as if she had struck him. "Go," she cried with increasing anger. "Thou art right. Why should I dare to retain thee? Laugh at me with thine aunt. Tell her I was afraid of her. But keep the flowers. Keep them, Arnout, because I gave them to thee and asked thee to preserve them."

She got up, slowly and painfully. She stumbled toward the window and stood looking away.

"I am a foolish woman," she said presently; "not brave as you think. I have very few friends. And I fancied you were one of them and would perhaps do what I asked you, because it was I that asked."

Could it be that her voice faltered? Could it be that she had called him Arnout? He stole a timid glance at her. She stood there, enshrined in her regal loveliness. And yet—were those tears in her wistful eyes?

He rose up and came toward her. "Madame," he said, and his voice was grave and sad, "if you are unhappy, be sure that I also am not one of the favored ones of fortune. There is that sympathy between us, at any rate. Do not let us add to each other's troubles. I will stay if you wish."

She turned to him with rippling smiles of grateful approval. "You are better to me than I thought," she said. "It is a pity we must separate so soon. Je crois que vous m'auriez aimée un de ces jours." She looked at him for a fraction of a second—an instant of silence—then she added quickly, "Not aimée d'amour, you understand, aimée d'amitié."

He bowed over her hand, ashamed of himself, of his awkwardness, of his blushes, his disappointment, his very shame.

"I do that already," he said.

And then suddenly he pressed one kiss upon her hand, and

broke away from her and left her standing there. As he was passing through the door, she called him back. "Arnout!"

He swung the door ajar. By what cruel chance did Suzanna, leaving her own bedroom at the moment, hear that too significant word and stand transfixed?

"Arnout!"

"Leave me till this evening, Arnout, to decide whether you go or stay. Do not think me fickle. I cannot explain further. You must not speak to me again till then. This evening, after dinner, your Aunt Barsselius is sure to come up and ask me to sing. Then, if I sing—let me see—'Robert, *toi que j'aime*,' you must go quickly with her, and—and we shall never see each other again; but if I sing—shall we say, 'Carmen?'—then I have need of you, and you must stay till Monday. Is it agreed?"

"But yes, if you will," said Arnout.

Miss Varelkamp had heard the last sentence or two. She went back in her room and closed the door.

Left alone, Madame de Mongelas sank back upon her sofa. For a long time she sat still, gazing intently at the hand on which yet lay the marks of Arnout's kiss. "I cannot," she said. And then—most unexpected of all things to herself—she burst into tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now bring the vicomtesse down!" cried the widow Barsselius. "I came on purpose to see her. And you promised me she should come down."

"I will go up and fetch her," said Suzanna.

Madame received her hostess with a quiet, guarded smile. She was dressed with even more than her usual studied elegance in a robe of the palest silvery green, such as only a very handsome brunette could wear. It closed in smooth perfection round the soft graces of her figure, and fell in billowy masses at her feet. As she rose—still painfully, and, on that very account, with the more undulating stateliness of movement—the shimmer of a hundred silver ripples played across the yielding material and seemed to lose itself in the white fulness of her flesh and the coiling splendors of her hair. Suzanna, to whom black silk with a velvet border had ever been the height of luxury, was moved beyond her quiet self to a cry of spontaneous admiration. Madame de Mongelas received it graciously.

"I have made a 'brin de toilette,'" said madame half apologetically. "You see, it is a feast-day to me. I hope you do not think me too fine, mademoiselle. The material is quite simple, if you come to look at it, and it is the only evening dress I have with me."

"My nephew will pay you the proper compliments, madame," said Suzanna; "I came to help you down-stairs."

And so, leaning on the bony old woman's strong arm, madame began the painful descent. The staircase, like that of even the best Dutch houses, was steep as the ladder that leads to heaven. They went slowly, step by step.

"Madame," said Suzanna suddenly, as they rested for a moment half-way, "you will leave me the boy. He is all I have. You must not take him from me."

"But, mademoiselle——" gasped Madame de Mongelas, between pain and amazement.

"Oh, I know what you would say. I know it is nothing. You mean nothing. Nor does he. But you must not make trouble between us. Leave me the boy—he is all I have."

"I do not understand you," answered madame rather haughtily. "We have arranged that I quit your house on Monday. You have kindly permitted me to stay till then."

"The truth! the truth!" cried Suzanna desperately. "Let him go in peace to-night."

A dangerous light flared into madame's eyes. "The truth!" she answered; "so be it. Leave him me till Monday, and you will never hear of me again."

"Why?" asked Suzanna.

"Why? A woman's why. Because I want it. Because I will not have him taken from me thus. Because it is an insult that you offer me, Mademoiselle Varelkamp."

They had reached the bottom of the stairs. "He does not think of you," said Suzanna.

"Reason the more to leave me in peace," answered the Frenchwoman, as they passed into the sitting-room.

"Ah, Madame la Vicomtesse," cried Mevröouw Barsselius. She started up and began bustling about the sofa and the sofa cushions. "Arnout, get Madame la Vicomtesse that shawl for her feet. What are you staring at, you booby? Did you never see a handsome woman in a beautiful dress?"

"You are too amiable, madame," said the invalid, laughing. "You will spoil me for my female compatriots. We

are not accustomed to compliments from each other, unless there is a powder in the jam!"

"Humph," replied Mevrouw Barsselius. "A woman can't pay another woman a compliment. It is either truth or a lie."

Madame de Mongelas was soon busy with some old-fashioned tatting. "Yes," she said, presently in answer to a remark of Mevrouw Barsselius, "I think you malign your own climate. Monsieur Arnout told me that you had eight months of rain, and four months of bad weather. Decidedly, he wants patriotism, does Monsieur Arnout."

Arnout woke up at the sound of his name. He had been sitting stupidly staring at the vicomtesse since she came in. Perhaps she purposely roused him.

"Yes, but this is not our own sunshine," he said; "it is only lent. And Nature is the veriest usurer to us Dutch people. When she brings us, at rare intervals, a week of foreign sunshine from somewhere, she always makes us pay for it in two months of steady rain."

"Now, is that true, Miss Suzanna?" asked madame. "Your nephew—does he not see things in black?"

"God made the rain," answered Suzanna curtly. She got up and began walking up and down the room. She could not bear to remain sitting thus opposite that woman in her triumphant beauty, and the foolish boy at her feet. She was choking for breath.

Mevrouw Barsselius turned to look at her. She sat down again. Would Mevrouw Barsselius never go? With every moment of delay Suzanna's fever of anxiety increased.

"Is your box ready, Arnout?" she asked—almost hissed.

"Yes, said Arnout fiercely—like a dog at bay.

"True, it is getting time for me to pack up," said Mevrouw Barsselius. "And when shall I see you again, vicomtesse?"

"I shall be gone on Monday," replied the vicomtesse, intent on her tatting, "You know—do you not?—that I am going away? Am I to sing before you go? Because, if so, madame, I had better do it at once." She stretched out her hand to her guitar.

Mervouw Barsselius felt altogether at sea. There was something in the air, and she could not tell what.

"Yes, yes," she said; "one song, if you are not too tired, while the boy brings down his bag. And then it appears you and I, Arnout, must take leave of Madame de Mongelas."

Arnout made a movement as if to rise. He looked almost supplicatingly at the beautiful French woman. The look said, "I am unhappy; I do not care. Do what you will."

"And is your nephew really going to leave you, mademoiselle?" said the vicomtesse with a smile.

"Yes," answered Suzanna, with a ring of quiet triumph in her voice. "He must resume his studies."

"You will miss him," said Madame de Mongelas. "But if we are to part, he must hear my song. He would not be so impolite as to run away as I begin."

Her guitar was ready. She struck a few preliminary notes.

"Yes, yes; let him hear it," cried Mevrouw Barsselius.

The vicomtesse smiled yet more sweetly. She bent her head without speaking. Then she finished her prelude, and then she lifted up her voice and sang:

"L'amour est enfant de Bohême,  
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi.  
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,  
Et si je t'aime—prends garde à toi."

She sang the well-known words quietly, without any of the effrontery which is so often attached to them, but with a restrained menace that rendered them far more impressive. She was gazing vaguely into the distance, beyond the head of Mejuffrouw Suzanna Varelkamp, out of the homely, commonplace little room, into far-reaching vistas, perchance of a brilliant future, perchance of a past on which the sunlight yet played. She sang them over and over again, caressing them, clinging to them, taking possession of them and making them her own—and then yet again, lingeringly, masterfully, in simple, conscious triumph—as she turned her quiet gaze on the young man at her feet.

"Et si je t'aime, prends garde à toi."

Suzanna, pale and breathless, with the recollection of the agreement she had overheard still hammering at her brain—Suzanna caught that look, and Arnout's answer. Her first impulse was to fly from the room—anywhere—out of their sight. She crushed it down. She even laid aside her knitting and listened. "A pretty song," she said at the end.

"Charming! Exquisite! How beautiful you sing, madame!" cried the widow Barsselius. "You *must* give me another opportunity of hearing you. Come, Arnout; now get your hat."

"I am not going," said Arnout; "I will stay!"

## PEN PICTURES: THE WORLD OVER

*Ascent of Fujiyama....Eliza R. Scidmore....Jinrikisha Days in Japan*

At the end of a street is a torū, leading to an ancient temple in a grove, where all Fuji pilgrims pray before beginning the ascent of the mountain. In the light of the afternoon, the double row of thatched houses and the streets full of bare-headed villagers looked like a well-painted stage scene. Meanwhile the sun sank, and in the last crimson glow of its fading the clouds rolled away, and Fuji's stately cone stood over us, its dark slopes turning to rose and violet in the changing light. We rose with the sun at four o'clock, looked at Fuji, all pink and lilac in the exquisite atmosphere of the morning, snatched a hasty breakfast and set off, the women in their kagos and the men on mettlesome steeds that soon took them out of sight along the broad cindery avenue leading to the base of the slanting mountain. In that clear light Fuji looked twice its twelve thousand feet above the sea, and the thought of toiling on foot up the great slope was depressing. Instead of a fifteen-mile walk, it looked fifty miles at least. All along the forest avenue moss-grown stone posts mark the distance, and at one place are the remains of a stone wall and lantern-guarded gateway setting the limit of the mountain's holy ground. From that point the soil is sacred, although horses and kagos are allowed to go a mile farther to a mat-shed station, known as Umagayeshi (Turn Back Horse). Thence the great Fuji sweeps continuously upward, and a tall torū at the head of the stone staircase marks the beginning of the actual ascent, the holy ground on which only sandaled feet may tread. In the mat-shed the kagos were stored for a two-days' rest, luggage was divided and tied on the backs of the coolies' waists and hanging from their packs. The coarse cinders cut through boot-soles so quickly that foreigners tie on waraji or straw sandals to protect their shoes, allowing eight pairs of the queer goloshes for the ascent and descent of Fuji. From Umagayeshi, the path goes up through woods and stunted under-brush and on over bare cinder and lava, pursuing the even slope of the mountain without dip or zig-zag to break the steady climb. Three small Shinto temples in the woods invite pilgrims to pray, pay tribute, and have their staff and

garments marked with a sacred seal. Beyond these temples, ten rest-houses or stations stand at even distances along the path, the first, or number one, at the edge of the woods, and the tenth at the summit. Priests and station-keepers open their season late in June, before the snow is gone, and close in September. In the midsummer weeks the whole mountain-side is musical with the tinkling bells and staffs of lines of white-clad pilgrims. Notwithstanding their picturesqueness, these devotees are objectionable companions, as they fill tea-houses and mountain stations, devour everything eatable, like swarms of locusts, and bear about with them certain small pilgrims that make life a burden to him who follows after. Nearly thirty thousand pilgrims annually ascend Fujiyama. Until the year 1500 Fuji wore a perpetual smoke-wreath, and every century saw a great eruption. The last in 1707, continued for a month and threw out the loose cinders, ashes, and lumps of baked red clay that still cover the mountain. Ashes were carried fifty miles damming a river in their path, covering the plain at its base six feet deep with cinders, and forming an excrescence on the north side, which still mars the perfect symmetry of the cone. Umagayeshi, or Turn Back Horse, is four thousand feet above the sea, and the other eight thousand feet are surmounted in a distance of fifteen miles. We desired to reach Station Eight by four o'clock; either to sleep there until three o'clock the next morning, or to push on to the tenth and last station, rest there, and see the sun rise, from the doorway of that summit rest-house. Our two Colorado mountaineers had faced the slope like chamois, and were leaping the rocks walling the first station, before the female contingent had left the tort. Of the fifteen coolies accompanying us, three were assigned to each woman, with orders to take her to the top if they had to carry her pickaback. After an established Fuji fashion, one coolie went first with a rope fastened around the climber's waist, while another pushed her forward. Aided still further by tall bamboo staffs, we were literally hauled and boosted up the mountain, with only the personal responsibility of lifting our feet out of the ashes. For the first three or four miles, the path led through a dense, green bower, carpeted with vines, and starred with wild flowers and great patches of wild strawberries. Scaling moss-covered log steps, we passed through temples with gohüi, or prayer papers,

hanging from the gates and doors, and bare Shinto altars within. At one shrine, the sound of our approaching footsteps was the signal for blasts from a conch-shell horn and thumps on the hanging drum, and the priests, in their purple and white gowns and black pasteboard hats, gave us a cheerful welcome, and many cups of hot barley-tea. At our request, they stamped our clothing with big red charters, the sacred seal or crest of that holy station, and sold us the regulation pilgrims' staff, branded with the temple mark. The old priest, to dazzle us with his acquirements, and to show his familiarity with foreign customs, glibly placed the price of the alpenstock at "Sen tents." The forest ended as suddenly as if one had stepped from a door-way, and a sloping dump of bare lava and cinders stretched upward endlessly; the whole cone visible, touched with scudding bits of thin white clouds. Every dike and seam of lava between the forest edge and the summit was clearly seen, and the square blocks of rest-houses, though miles away, stood out on the great ash-heap as if one could touch them. It was apparent that the walk would be merely a matter of perseverance. There are no dizzy precipices, no dangerous rocks, no hand-over-hand struggles, nor narrow ledges, nor patches of slippery stone, only a steadily ascending cinder path to tread. Above the forest line, nothing interrupts the wide views in every direction, and the goal is in plain sight. After we had passed the third station, the scudding clouds closed in and hid the summit, and we trudged along, congratulating ourselves on our escape from the glaring sun while we were out on the open lava slope. Station Number Four was closed and its roof is partial ruins, where a rolling stone had crashed in during the winter, but at the next two huts we rested, in company with a sturdy mountaineer, his wife and baby, who were going up to open Station Number Nine for the summer. The baby was strapped on its father's back, its little bare toes sticking out from its tight swaddling-gown, and curling up in comical balls as the wind grew colder. Our two veterans of Pike's Peak were far ahead, merely white spots on the dark, chocolate-brown slope, but we all intended to overtake them and come in with them at the end of the day. Suddenly the drifting clouds swept down, curling along the dark, lava-like streams, and wrapping us in a gray mist that blotted out everything. Another gust of wind brought a

dash of rain, and hurried us to the lee wall of a closed hut for shelter. The shower came harder and faster, and the baggage-coolies, with waterproofs and umbrellas, were far in advance, invisible in the mist. We pushed on, and after climbing a hundred yards in loose ashes, found ourselves on the sliding track of the descent. We struck away blindly to the right and mounted straight upward. A seam of hard lava soon gave us secure foothold, but presently became a network of tiny cascades. My cheerful little coolie, in his saturated cotton suit, tried to encourage me, and passing the rope around a horn of lava at one breathing-stop, pointed upward, and assured me that there was clear sunshine above. Glancing along the sloping lava-track, we saw a foaming crest of water descending from those sunny uplands, and had barely time to cross its path before the roaring stream came on and cut off retreat. After two hours of hard climbing in the blinding rain and driving wind, we reached the shelter of Station Number Eight, chilled and exhausted. This hut, a log-cabin faced with huge lava blocks, its low roof held down by many boulders, and its walls five feet in thickness, consists of one room about twelve by thirty feet in size. Two doors looked sheer down the precipitous mountain-slope, and a deep window, like that of a fortress, was set in the end wall. The square fireplace, sunken in the floor, had its big copper kettle swinging from a crane, and the usual stone frame for the rice-kettle. When the doors were barred and braced with planks against the fury of the storm, the smoke, unable to escape, nearly blinded us. Our dripping garments and the coolies' wet cotton clothes were hung to dry on the rafters over the fireplace, where they slowly dripped. The master of Number Eight had opened his rest-house only five days before, and with his young son and two servants found himself called on to provide for us with our retinue of seventeen servants, for four young cadets from the naval college in Tokio, storm-bound on their way down the mountain, and a dozen pilgrims—forty-two people in all. Warmed, and comforted with a stray sandwich, we were glad enough to go to bed. Each of us received two futons, one of which made the mattress and the other the covering, while basket-lids served for pillows. The floor was cold as well as hard, and the rows of cotton hung on the walls by preceding pilgrims fluttered in the draughts from the howling blasts that

shook the solid little hut. The shriek and roar and mad rushes of wind were terrifying, and we were by no means certain that the little stone box would hold together until the morning. One hanging-lamp shed a fantastic light on the rows of heads under the blue futons, and the stillness of the Seven Sleepers presently befell the lonely shelter.

**The Wonders of Alaska....Grace Peckham....Lippincott's Magazine**

"Is Alaska worth visiting?" is the unvarying question which the returned Alaskan tourist hears and which he is put upon his conscience to answer. Immediately a panoramic procession of the scenic glories of trans-continental and Alaskan pictures, endless in variety, passes before the imagination, and a glowing, enthusiastic "Yes" falls unhesitatingly from his lips. "But what is there to see?" "It is a wilderness, is it not?" pursues the interrogator. It is a wilderness, a tangle of a wilderness, a God-forsaken desert with only a few oases. It is seldom given to a traveller who cannot be a Stanley and penetrate the dark depths of Africa, or a Verestchagin who can scale with his easel and his palette the dizzy Himalayan heights, startling the solitude and scaring the eagle, to witness such isolation, such remoteness from the civilized world. If you go to Alaska you will be surfeited with scenery, scenery, scenery. Never in your life will you be so gorged with scenery. It comes upon you in every variety, and you are convinced that never more will you gaze upon a new type of scenery. You have now the whole gamut of wilderness scenery. You come to tranquil reaches of water, suggestive of lake and river, with islands covered with undulating hills. Again the water becomes oceanic, and you are on an ocean voyage, with shoals of porpoises gayly accompanying the ship, and huge whales and numerous sea-monsters disporting themselves in the deep waters, safe from the whaler's harpoon, since the depths of the Pacific and St. George's Channel are so great that they would not be returned to the surface for their capture till after many days. Again the channel narrows. Precipitous and rocky heights close in the green and rapid-flowing waters, and the trackless forests come close to the steamer's side, and now and then a mountain-goat or a stealthy bear looks from its haunts upon the steamer as upon a passing show. Again the hills become seamed and scarred mountains, with

scraps of glaciers clinging to the sides, and pouring down in deepened furrows are cascades ranging in size from a silver thread to a broad bawling torrent which has cut its way through the evergreen forests. And these coniferous forests are a sight in themselves. They are like huge communities of patriarchal families in which are five and six generations. Light-gray and hoary is the branchless stem of the old tree, which will fall before the sweeping blast of the next tempest, and close to it the branched and gray tree of the next generation, which elbows the deep gray-green tree its neighbor, which looks down upon the generations of green trees, shading ever into lighter and livelier verdure, down to the youngest sapling. Again the mountains recede, and an extensive archipelago is entered, filled with islands innumerable and of every form. Then there are the Mount St. Elias Alps, with their snow-clad summits losing themselves in the clouds or lifting their regal heads high into the sapphire heavens. Besides the tranquil landscapes, the archipelago, with its countless and multiform islands, the gray crag-bordered fjords, the Pacific expanses and coniferous forests, the snow-capped fifteen-thousand-feet mountains, with glaciers broad enough and long enough to cover a national territory, besides the icebergs, there is another marvel in Alaska. It is color—color such as the artist can never find on his palette in which to dabble his impotent brush. Nature here is the all-powerful colorist, and she ravishes the beholder. The greens, the blues, the browns, of Alaskan waters—who can describe them, or the shades of coloring in these same forests, grays and greens in multitudinous varieties? A walk through one of these forests varnished with dew reveals a tangle of greens with bushes adorned with vivid coral berries strung in rosaries or massed in bunches. No tropical forest could exceed the coloring here shown. Every gray that eye could see or the imagination conceive is displayed in the beetling crags and cliffs, and these dusky colors change from moment to moment, and when the sun casts its last or its earliest rays upon them, enveloping them in a roseate hue, you think a miracle has been wrought, and you are transfixed by the transfiguration which has taken place. The sky—the Alaskan sky—is a revelation of color. Let it be sullen with foggy grays, let it be clear with sapphire calmness—so clear that a mountain miles and miles away looks so near that it would seem that

you would only have to stretch out your hand to touch it—let it be painted with the sunset colors, gorgeous, in the pomp of purple and red and gold, fading, fading in the long lingering summer twilight,—fading into the most entrancing shades of primrose sulphur and greenish yellow, and then almost to white, which deepens and deepens until the jewelled stars look out and the Aurora flashes her electric streamers in pulsating bands of light, which, reaching far up toward the zenith, change to delicate hues of pink and weird unearthly blues—and you will say each is more remarkable than the other, and there are no words, no adjectives, left to describe it all; and, drunken to intoxication with this unparalleled display of color, you will say, Alaska is worth visiting.

**A Bedouin Inn....Jerusalem of To-day....Philadelphia Press**

I was much interested in a Bedouin inn which I visited, and I imagine that this inn was much the same as the stable in which Jesus Christ was born. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers, the walls and roof and floors of which were of stone. These chambers, like the stores, had no lights, and they covered altogether about the area of a good-sized house. Entering the narrow door, I found four donkeys and two camels in one vaulted compartment. Upon a ledge near by, with nothing but a dirty straw mat to separate them from the stones, three Bedouin men, in their black and white gowns, lay dozing. In another cave-like compartment were several horses, and the only sign of civilization was a European lamp, which was burning American coal-oil in the back of another cave. Through my guide I chatted with the keeper of the inn, and he told me that his charge for feeding, keeping, and washing a donkey or a horse was five cents a day. As I chatted, a long-haired, gypsy-looking woman entered, and I was told that she was the wife of one of the sleeping Bedouins. I looked at the food for the camels, and was shown a chocolate-brown cake, which was made of the refuse from the making of olive oil, and upon asking to see an oil-mill I was taken to another cell-like cave near by, where a Mohammedan and a negro were grinding out some of the delicious fluid which we mix with our salads. At the side of the door to this cave there was a stone ledge as high as a pavement, and in the centre of this was a hole as big around as a flour-barrel, in which, with his clothes tied up

about his waist, with bare legs and bare feet, an Ethiopian—whose sweating face was as black as oiled ebony—was standing and treading the oil out of the ground and mashed olives. I peeped over into the well in which he was standing, and I saw that he had a linen cloth laid on top of the mushy-like mixture. He tramped this cloth into the olives with his feet, and, taking it up wet, wrung the oil out into a red-clay basin, from whence it was poured into pots, to be strained for the market. Farther back in the cave stood a tall, ungainly camel and a very small, knotty little donkey, who were munching away while the mill was not going. These were the animals who grind up the olives, and in another cave opening into this I could see the mill itself. It was much like that of a threshing-machine or the bark-mill of a country tannery, and the camel and a donkey went round and round in a circle, hitched to a bar which turned the mill.

Travelling in Persia....S. G. W. Benjamin....*Kansas City Times*

"Alec!" "Baly, baly, Sahib!" (Ay, ay, sir.) "Push on ahead, have a room swept clean at the khan, and let there be a cup of hot tea against our coming." "B'cheshm!" (on my eyes be it) replies Alec, and digging his heels into his horse, the faithful fellow dashes off at full speed and disappears in a cloud of dust. Some such conversation as this occurs when one is approaching a stopping place or station when travelling in Persia. Jogging along at a fast walk, after half an hour, we arrive in sight of the khan, or way-side inn, where one at once perceives the importance of dispatching a servant in advance to prepare a lodging. The inn consists of a square inclosure built of adobe a little off the road. Around it are grouped caravans of donkeys, mules, or camels, which cannot find space within. They are quietly lying on the ground resting, and their loads are lying here and there in heaps. There, except in midwinter, they may pass months without fear of rain, having only to dread occasional wind and dust storms and the heat of noonday. The horses of our own train pass through a high arched gate and are stalled within the inclosure. The mangers are merely troughs hollowed out of the thick mud wall, and the animals are prevented from kicking each other by being tethered to iron spikes driven into the ground. A light frame covered with boughs serves as a roof for this primitive stable. The

provender consists of straw and barley but never oats. In the centre of the court-yard is a square stone platform on which the hostler sleeps, no roof over him but the sky. The horses, by the way, notwithstanding the mildness of the climate, are carefully blanketed, to a degree uncommon elsewhere. The travellers' quarters are usually on the second floor above the magazines on the ground. It is hardly likely that the inn possesses more than three or four large rooms, from which one walks out over the flat roof of the first story and enjoys a delightful prospect in the cool of the evening. The apartments have not a particle of furniture excepting hasseer, or straw matting on the earthen floor. This mat needs to be swept on the arrival of a new occupant, who carries and spreads his own rugs, on which his own mattresses are laid. Under the circumstances, even a travelling cot seems superfluous, as one does not feel the nakedness of the apartment when reclining on the floor by an open window; but immediately a cot is opened one wishes for a chair and a table. I have often noticed this whimsical operation of the fancy when travelling in the Orient. The windows are from floor to ceiling entirely across the room, protected with board shutters, but devoid of glass and sashes. After riding all night, I remember once sleeping at Aivauikeff from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon between two windows in a tower, through which a gale was howling at the rate of forty miles an hour. But the thermometer stood at  $107^{\circ}$  Fahr. in the shade, and instead of being killed by such seeming improvidence I awoke refreshed and with a vigorous appetite for the evening meal. Speaking of that evening meal, which was taken on the flat roof overlooking the town and the vast Elborz range, behind which the sun was setting, reminds me that the question of supplies becomes one of pressing importance on arriving at a Persian khan. The samovar or tea urn is always in waiting on the traveller's arrival, and scarcely is he seated on the floor before his servant or the inn-keeper brings him a scalding-hot cup of excellent tea. I say excellent because, whatever the quality of the tea, it is invariably steeped properly, a matter not so common as one might suppose; even the best of tea poorly brewed is vile; one may go through France and not be able to get a good cup of tea at any inn. The Persians serve tea in gracefully shaped glasses, flavored with lemonade and richly sweetened,

But one cannot live on tea alone, especially with an appetite whetted by riding several long hours through mountain air. If the traveller is a European and has canned meats or a supply of good red wine, 'tis well; otherwise he must fare as do the natives, and that is not so bad after all. The menu is limited, but very palatable. The keeper of this primitive hostel, who is a sort of all-round workman, mildly suggests that he can furnish a ragout of lamb, which is sure to be savory, kebabs, orapillan. The kebabs can be recommended. They consist of tidbits of lamb broiled on a skewer, and are undoubtedly the most delicious method of cooking lamb if eaten immediately off the fire. The pillan is also not to be omitted; it is the oriental dish of seasoned rice, cooked with an art of which only orientals have the secret, and is both wholesome and satisfying. This simple but capital dish is brought in on a round disk of copper, which is placed on a low stool near the window. The traveller, of course, furnishes his own plates, knives, forks and spoons. Coffee follows, and the traveller, after a dreamy smoke on the kalian, throws himself on the mattress and sleeps until eight o'clock in the evening or eight in the morning, according to the season, for during the summer travelling is done at night. On the more important highways, such as the roads to Mesched or Ispahan, these country hotels are sometimes crowded, the poorer travellers sleeping on the ground in the court-yard, on the roof, or in the open outside of the inclosure. At sunset the scene is then exceedingly interesting—the different groups engaged in feeding their horses or preparing their meals. Immediately after the sun has set, a maliah or priest, if there be one at hand, or a seyed or descendant of the prophet, of whom there are multitudes in Persia, ascends the roof of the khan, and with a mellow, sonorous cry, heard far over the hills and valleys, summons the faithful to prayer. Then on all sides one may see men of every age and degree kneeling and reverentially offering their orisons. Whether Mohammedanism be a true or false religion is no concern of mine, at least here; but I can say that nothing I have seen or heard in any church has ever impressed me half so much or given me so vivid an idea of the possible existence of the great ruler of the destinies of man as the sunset prayer in Mohammedan countries. When scores of millions daily at that hour lay aside their business to pray

one feels that there must be something in religion, and that a share of truth permeates the cults which sway entire races and empires. When a traveller arrives at an oriental city of size he finds the same general plans followed in the inns which there afford him shelter. But the system is naturally much more elaborate, displaying an extensive and remarkable organization. The city khan is generally an immense quadrangle built of masonry. Around this are the rooms, each having an earthen floor, the low entrance usually without a door, and a vaulted roof. The traveller engages one of these rooms, has it cleaned and spread with his own rugs. He cooks his meals himself or deputes this duty to his servant, if able to have one. If it be cold weather a maugal or brazier containing lighted charcoal supplies the warmth he is unable to obtain from his ample tunic. If he is to remain in there some time he next engages a temporary wife to add to his domestic comforts. They go before a priest or doctor of the law, who witnesses the contract, which is most formal, and among other provisions must state the exact duration of the contract. Neither party loses caste by this peculiarly Persian custom, nor does the gentleman expect any blame from his wives at home for accepting one of the beneficent institutions of this country. If our traveller happens to be an itinerant merchant his bales of goods are placed in his room at the khan and customers may come there to trade with him. This custom is often alluded to in the Arabian Nights. Another curious feature of the city inns is their frequent appointment to different districts or cities. Thus, most transient visitors visiting Teheran from Tabreez or the adjacent districts are likely to collect at one particular khan; those from Mesched at another; those from Ispahan and the south at another, and so on. In case it becomes necessary to find a certain man, the first place to look for him is at the khan where his fellow-citizens resort. In the absence of a regular detective force this is a great convenience to the authorities searching for criminals, for sooner or later they turn up at the khan of their people. There is an excellent semi-European hotel maintained by the government at Casbin, partly for the convenience of the diplomatic corps, who always approach the capital from that quarter, and a small, tolerably good French hotel with a good cuisine now exists at Teheran.

## IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

**Our Hired Girl....James Whitcomb Riley....Poems of Childhood**

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabeth Ann;  
An' she can cook best things to eat!  
She ist puts dough in our pie pan,  
An' pours in sumpin' at's good and sweet.  
An' nen she salts it all on top  
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop,  
An' stoop, an' slide it, ist as slow,  
In the cook-stove so'st won't slop  
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it—so  
It is custard pie, first thing you know!  
An' nen she'll say:  
"Clear out o' my way!  
They's time fer work, and time fer play,  
Take your dough an' run, child, run,  
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"  
When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,  
An' says folks got to walk the chalk  
When she's around, er wished they had!  
I play out on our porch an' talk  
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;  
An' he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on  
His old crooked scythe, an' blinks his eyes  
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swan!  
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,  
It 'pears like I smell custard pies!"  
An' nen he'll say:  
"Clear out o' the way!  
They's time fer work, an' time fer play.  
Take your dough an' run, child, run,  
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

**Me and Jim....From the Chicago Times**

We were both brought up in a country town,  
Was me an' Jim;  
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown  
On me an' him.  
At school we never was given a chance  
To larn that Africa wasn't in France;

Patches we wore on the seats o' our pants,  
 Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale, an' strong,  
 Did me an' Jim;  
 We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,  
 Did me an' him;  
 An' we knowed whar the blue-birds built their nests  
 When the spring tripped over the mountains' crests,  
 Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,  
 Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,  
 Did me an' Jim.

We was arter the same gal, though, we two,  
 That's me an' him,  
 An' she treated us jest alike, did she,  
 When at quiltin' party or huskin'-bee.  
 We was even up in the race you see,  
 Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last an' she answered me "No."  
 Jim foller'd suit.

But she wouldn't hev him, an' told him so.  
 Ferbidden fruit

We called her then, an' I'm rather afraid  
 That we cussed a little. An' then we prayed  
 That she'd live and she'd die a plain old maid,  
 Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out an' Company B  
 Caught me an' Jim.

We both on us fit fer the union—see?  
 Did me an' him.

An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,  
 The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,  
 An' foller'd the flag through the battle's hell,  
 Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks  
 Death came to Jim,  
 An', excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes  
 Talkin' o' him.

Fer his rugged, brown hand I held in mine  
 Till his soul passed out through the picket line,

Whar an angel waited the countersign  
To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done  
Without poor Jim;  
Was given a sword instead of a gun,  
An' thought o' him.

An' I wore an eagle when mustered out  
On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about  
Fer the startin' p'int o' my hull life's route,  
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place  
I'd left wi' Jim;  
*She* gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face  
An' asked 'bout him.  
So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,  
Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,  
An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—  
Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June  
Fer me an' Jim.  
Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon  
We talked o' him  
An' arter awhile, when a baby came—  
A boy—an' we looked for a proper name,  
His memory comin' up fresh again,  
We called him Jim.

**Lincolnshire Song....Mabel Peacock....The Glasgow Citizen**

Oh, houd thy mooth up to my mooth,  
An' kiss, an' kiss me noo;  
Ther's not a lass i' all th' land  
Is hairf as sweet as thoo.

An' fling thy airms about my neck,  
An' whisper i' my ear,  
"I' all th' warld ther's noäne fer me  
Bud him 'at's wi' me here."

Then houd thy mooth to mine again,  
An' gi'e me kiss fer kiss;  
Ther' isn't nowt benean th' sky  
Is hairf as good as this.

## SCIENCE, INVENTION, INDUSTRY

**Brains in Mechanics....A Wonderful Recording Machine....Chicago Herald**

If a man is told that a piece of mechanism will record transactions in type, number them consecutively, add them correctly, and at the close of a day's business submit a printed statement of every transaction, with the correct total, he would be inclined to believe that he is listening to a fairy tale; but seeing is believing, and a machine invented by Henry G. O'Neill, of Louisville, Ky., accomplishes all of this and more too. The description would appear to apply to a machine as large as a grand piano, but in reality it is no larger than the ordinary typewriter, and it is more compact and stronger. The accompanying account may give some idea of it: In the first place there are nine keys with the numerals from one to nine. Above them, under glass, is the indicator, which records each separate transaction, showing the operator that he has made no mistake. To the left are red, white, and blue keys corresponding to the lines of a ledger. These represent the lines of a ledger. By pressing any one, in connection with the numeral keys, the indicator records the figures in the units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands columns, and so on as far as necessary. The first transaction is recorded in the indicator and in the "total record" dial, which is just above the column keys to the left, under glass. The machine is locked and cannot be tampered with, and the combination is in the hands of the man in authority. Here are but seventeen keys to do the work up to 1,000,000. In the Treasury Department at Washington there is an adding machine with 180 keys, and it takes a man two years to learn it so that he can go ahead with any speed. This machine can be operated by any one. Suppose, for instance, that a man wants to record a transaction of \$10,000. He simply puts his fingers on the tens of thousands column key and on the 1 key and presses both. Then 10,000 appears in the "total result" column and on the "indicator." At the right end of the machine is the "printer." As soon as the 10,000 is recorded the operator simply presses a lever, a bell is rung, and the transaction is numbered and printed with the number on an endless roll of paper in the printing machine. When the bell rings

the "indicator" flies back and is left blank, but the "total result" remains the same. Suppose the next transaction is \$5,000. The operator presses the 5 button and the thousand button. In the "indicator" 5,000 appears and in the total result 15,000. Pressing the printing lever, the transaction is recorded on the paper with its consecutive number, the bell rings, and the indicator flies back to a blank again to await the next transaction. Now if the total result, for instance, should read \$5,999.94, and the operator should want to add seven cents. He would simply press the unit button and the 7 button. The seven cents would be recorded in the "indicator" and \$6,000.01 would appear in the "total result," involving a change of every figure. It is accomplished as quick as lightning, and is always correct. There are 1,500 separate parts to the machine and they work together in perfect harmony. The last-mentioned operation involves 1,200 of these parts in the recording and printing. There is no chance for a mistake. Mr. O'Neill's company will issue three different machines first—one for banks, one for railroads, and one for small shop-keepers or saloon-keepers. The latter is limited to \$5,000. The machine described is for use in banks. The receiving teller has it on his desk. When a bank book and deposit check is presented he counts the money first, and if it is correct he simply slides the book and ticket into the printing end of the machine, records the amount, presses the lever, and the total is printed in the book, in indelible characters, on the deposit ticket which goes to the bookkeeper, on the endless roll of paper, and is recorded on the "indicator" and added to the "total result" deal. At the close of the day's business the teller has the total amount of his cash on the "total result" dial before him, and on the endless roll he has each transaction numbered consecutively. The bookkeeper has the deposit checks numbered consecutively, and the depositor has the record in his book, with a corresponding number. Everything can be traced by these consecutive numbers. The endless roll prints through, too, so that it can be moistened and the transactions transferred to the ordinary record book in perfect shape. A test of the machine was made recently in the New York Clearing House. It handled \$36,000,000. W. W. Sherman, of the Bank of Commerce, who adds four columns of figures at once, took transactions for ten minutes. The

machine beat him by two minutes and was correct, while his total showed an error of \$100,000. Charles M. Dolly, of the Remington Company, and Logan C. Murray, of the United States National Bank, pronounce the machine a triumph of mechanism. The patent expert of the Western Union Telegraph Company examined the machine, and in his report on it he pronounced its claim as strong as Bell's fifth claim on his telephone, as to sound waves, and as strong as Howe's eye of the needle. In conclusion, he said it was the greatest mechanical invention of the nineteenth century. The printing part of the machine has 247 parts, it sets its own type, the ribbon moves about automatically, and the press is fed by an automatic ink fountain. The railroad machine is operated on the same principle as the bank machine. It contains an endless roll of paper, carefully prepared, and is locked by a combination held only by the auditor of the road. As it is now, an agent is obliged to look over his big rack for a ticket to any point, and at night he has hard work in making up his accounts for the day. With the machine he simply touches a key representing the destination of the ticket, and the machine spits out one, especially prepared with banknote edge, at the same time recording the destination, the price paid, and the total amount taken up to that time. If a man wants, say, ten tickets to the same point the agent touches the required key and the 10 key. The machine spits out ten tickets and records the number, price, etc., with the total for the day. Mr. O'Neill's argument in favor of this machine is this: The Pennsylvania Road, for instance, has 4,800 stations and issues 13,000,000 tickets per month, at a cost of \$250,000 per year for printing tickets alone. All of the machines are rented for \$10 per month, being owned by the company, and the saving would be great, while the agents could not scalp. Each machine is furnished with letters of the Greek and English alphabets, as a private mark to prevent counterfeiting. Each day a certain letter would be wired to all agents and conductors, and this would be the mark for that day. No ticket without it would be accepted. The machine is adapted to coupon tickets as well as single tickets. The small machine for recording up to \$5,000 is to have a unique phonographic attachment. In a bar-room, for instance, the barkeeper may take advantage of a noisy crowd to ring up seventy-five cents instead of one

dollar, and pocket a quarter. With this machine are placards which warn the customers not to pay unless they are presented with a printed check. The machine issues these, and when the amount is recorded the phonograph attachment speaks in a loud tone: "The amount of your purchase is one dollar;" or whatever it may be. In experimenting on this Mr. O'Neill found Edison's wax sheet in the phonograph too perishable for constant use, and he tried a coating of wax on steel cylinder. In talking against this with the iridium needle he found that he could remove the wax with acids, leaving the sound etched on the steel and always perfect. This he applied to the phonographic register with success.

**Over 120 Miles an Hour....The Weems Motor....New York Sun**

The first serious efforts ever made to at once double railway speed by the use of electric motors are described by O. T. Crosby in a paper read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers recently. They were made for the Electro-Automatic Railroad Company of Baltimore, Md., which was organized about four years ago by David G. Weems, who, although not an engineer, believed that the electric motor would give very high speed for the transportation of parcels. He first contemplated having an entirely automatic service from city to city in small cars, and for the purpose of demonstration a circular track nearly two miles in circumference was laid not long ago at Laurel, Md., with a gauge of twenty-eight inches. An upper rail attached to the lower side of a stringer carried by the cross-pieces of a framework served as an electric conductor, and also, in connection with upward-pressing wheels, as a guide, but the latter function was not successfully performed, the lateral oscillation of the car on so slight a track being too great. The locomotive was very simple. In the original design three axles carried 28-inch wheels, and on them was a steel box 16 inches in length, 24 inches in height, and 30 inches in width. A slight vertical play of the box was provided for by springs, but, horizontally, the three axles were in rigid connection. The motive power was an electric motor on each axle. Early experiments showed that a given speed could be attained with less current if two motors were used instead of three, and the middle axle was removed. The motors could do 20 horsepower of work each at a normal speed of 3,000 revolutions a

minute. With three motors in operation the speed corresponded to a car speed of 250 miles an hour, but on the slight track, with a car weighing three tons, that rate of speed was not attained, of course. The head and tail of the car were pyramidal, to meet atmospheric resistance. Another car, similar in shape, was made to be drawn by the motor car. The motors were at first connected in multiple across a 500-volt current, but later the connection was changed and they were placed in series. To supply the current, contact was made by copper brushes set against the upper rail. The return current was through the wheels and rails. The station was inside the circle, about 200 feet from the track. In the usual course of a run five or six speed observers were stationed on the circle at known distances apart. A current of from twenty to forty ampères usually started the car. When the car had attained a speed of 75 to 100 miles an hour the line potential was about 450 volts. The time limitation of a run was invariably caused by the failure of the track to serve its purpose. On three occasions the car left the track—once at 45 miles an hour, once at 80 miles, and the last time at 115 miles. On the two former occasions the derailment was to the inside of the circle, the super-elevation being about four inches. "Could the experiments," Mr. Crosby reported, he having, as superintendent of the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, conducted the experiments, "have been made on a roadbed and track deemed even second class according to steam railway standards of rail weight, etc., there can be no question that, without any other change, the car could have attained for several hours a speed of 120 miles an hour. Indeed, I know of no time limitation that would have arisen save that from a limited oil supply. The speed attained in the first round—that is, the first 9,240 feet—varied from 30 to 75 miles an hour. The rate of acceleration from point to point in going round the circle was irregular and due to grades, which, going in the direction usually followed, varied from 2 to 2.5 per cent. The fact that the track, which was always bad, went rapidly from bad to worse during each run, made it difficult to analyze the records with a view to determining the true coefficient of traction. The coefficient for such a track, even in its best condition, would be greater than that for a track for actual service." In a run with a flat-headed car the first round was at the rate of 28 miles an

hour; second round, 37.4 miles. In another run the rates of speed were: First round, 24.7 miles; second, 42; third, 42. In a run, with a pyramidal-headed car the rates were: First round, 26.2 miles; second, 52.4; third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, 41.8 miles each. In another run with a pyramidal-headed car the rates were: First round, 23.5 miles; second, 70. The highest speed attained in that run was 90 to 95 miles an hour. The car was derailed. In the last run, with a wedge-headed car, average speed was maintained at 100 miles an hour. The highest speed attained was 110 to 120 miles, but the car was derailed at the maximum speed, which could not be absolutely determined because the car left the track at some distance from the last two observers. It was clear, however, that the final speed was between 110 and 112 miles an hour. A length of 1,000 feet of the track was injured, about 300 feet of the framework wrecked, and the car landed about 30 feet from the track, having finally jumped the guard rails while going over a fill four or five feet high. Nothing more could be done without rebuilding, and it was suggested that the time was ripe for plans for carrying passengers as well as parcels. That meant an increase in the size of cars and a change from an attempt at automatic control to control by human intelligence on the locomotive. For purposes of demonstration Mr. Crosby proposed that the company should build a track four miles in circumference and run on it a train of two or three cars drawn by one locomotive. The calculations were for a speed of 150 miles an hour on a level, the cross-section of car to be 4 by 5 feet, the standard gauge, the best possible track, an electro-motive force as high as the art of insulation will permit, all cars to be connected and present a continuous exterior, a locomotive of about 600 horse-power, weighing about eighteen tons, and steel cars, weighing five tons each, with carrying capacity of about five tons. The power required for the locomotive and three loaded cars would be for 150 miles an hour 660 horse-power, and for 120 miles 528 horse-power, provided by two motors connected in arc on a 1,500-volt current. For the retardation of a mass of about 40 tons running at 150 miles an hour it was calculated that a brake pressure of about 5,000 pounds should be applied to each wheel by magnetic brakes. For the mechanical construction of the locomotive two plans were contemplated. One has a twelve-foot rigid wheel base and

no pilot wheels; the other has a seven-foot wheel base for the drivers and a pony axle in front, free to move laterally over a certain distance, dragging the drivers in the same direction. In the first design the operator is to sit between the two motors, where also are to be placed the controlling devices. In the second design the operator should be placed over the pony axle, the devices being chiefly in the cylindrical or parabolic head. The conductors are to be in an inverted wooden trough attached to posts placed at intervals of twelve feet on each side of the track and a little more than five feet above the ground. The calculations for safe speed on curves were 71 miles an hour for 1,000 feet radius up to 198 miles for 8,000 feet. To demonstrate all that Mr. Crosby has outlined would cost about \$300,000. Taking the commercial aspects into account, the cost of a line of 1,000 miles, as from New York to Chicago, was estimated to be about \$66,000 a mile. The operating expenses and the charges for maintenance of way were estimated to be about \$400 for a train running on a schedule of 125 miles an hour. The receipts for an average train of two cars having each a capacity of 10,000 pounds freight, such as express and mail matter, or fifteen passengers, with average train load of 15,000 pounds, or twenty passengers, were estimated to be about \$500. It is believed that a 500-mile line connecting Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington would be more profitable than the 1,000-mile line. In reviewing the plans, Prof. Henry A. Rowland and Dr. Louis Duncan, of Johns Hopkins University, say: "We believe from the data obtained that the values are not too low, and that the horse-power which Mr. Crosby calculates is not less than the amount required. The possibility of a train being derailed by an obstruction on the track increases with the speed. At speeds up to ninety miles, however, there seems no increase in the number of derailments. In the case in question, the centre of gravity of the cars is very low, and it would be difficult to derail them on straight parts of the track. The radius of the curves should of course be great, but not so great as would be required for an ordinary train going at these high speeds. The question of safety is, however, almost wholly a question of track construction. Considering the form of the proposed train, its comparatively light weight making a less demand on the track, it is certain that, with a carefully-constructed

road, it could attain with safety speeds which would be impossible with trains as at present constructed. As these latter have several times made 86 miles, and often made 80 miles, it would seem that a speed of 120 miles or even more, with the electric cars, would not be outside the limits of safety."

**Chemistry in Civilization....Our Debt to Science....Pharmaceutical Era**

Social and economic harmony and the realization of justice in all human relations is civilization, and this can only be attained through the discovery and co-ordination of facts and complete obedience to the laws thus discovered. Chemical laws have as direct a bearing upon civilization as moral laws, and some of the chemical laws and their fruit may now be considered to show "the rôle of chemistry in civilization." The first great lesson taught man by chemistry was the law of the indestructibility of matter. It is impossible to overstate the importance of this discovery. Matter cannot be annihilated. Fire changes the form of things, but does not lessen the quantity of matter contained in the world. In nature's economy carbon is quite as useful in the form of the invisible carbon dioxide as when combined in wood or a beef-steak. The discovery of this great chemical law influenced all physical, metaphysical, and theological thought. All concepts or conclusions not in accord with it had to be abandoned. Chemistry discovered the elementary constitution of matter. Great indeed was the influence of this fact upon civilization. To know that the myriad forms we see are all resolvable into three or four score elements is of incalculable importance. The law of definite proportions belongs to chemistry. A definite compound is always composed of the same elements in the same proportion. The flood of light this law threw upon chemical phenomena can only be fully estimated by chemistry itself, and its direct importance to the world cannot be imagined. When Wöhler discovered the synthesis of urea, the line of demarcation between the "organic" and "inorganic" was blotted out. Henceforward the vegetable and animal kingdoms and their products were to be studied as compounds of carbon. The making of alkaloids and like substances in the laboratory is now only a question of time. A glance at what chemistry has done for our immediate material wants will be interesting. The dishes on the table, the knives, forks, and spoons, the bleached

table-cloth and napkins, the sugar, the clean, snow-white salt, all have upon them the delicate touch of chemistry. We arise in the morning and proceed to make our toilet. The soap we use is the product of a chemical art. The leather of which our shoes are made involves chemistry in its production; so also do all our colored articles of dress, for dyeing is distinctly a chemical art. The mirror we use, the glass windows, the beautifully-colored carpet or rug or linoleum upon the floor, the stout, smooth, highly-polished rubber comb, all are more or less products of chemistry. The morning paper is brought. Paper-making belongs to chemistry, so does the ink with which printing is done. You may arise ailing and quinine is needed, and this suggests the endless number of chemicals that man has found excellent for medicinal use. Hell Gate was blown up with nitro-glycerin, and thus through chemistry was done a work in an instant that mere mechanical engineering skill could not accomplish in a century. Without chemistry our civilization could not be.

**Steaming Under the Sea....Submarine Triumphs....Pearson's Weekly**

For several centuries the problem of submarine navigation has occupied the attention of inventors. In 1620 a Dutchman, named Van Drebbel, constructed a boat to carry twelve "rowers" and a few passengers, who performed the journey from Westminster to Greenwich beneath the surface of the Thames. Sixty-five years later a Huguenot, Carl Papin, demonstrated in the presence of the Landgraf Charles of Hesse, that it was possible to propel a covered wooden boat under the water, though his vessel was smaller and less complete than that of Van Drebbel. In 1774 a dockyard laborer of Yarmouth, named Day, after a series of experiments in models, persuaded a capitalist to provide him with funds for the construction of a fifty-ton sloop. This, when built, was hermetically covered in, and provided with an inner air chamber, which the inventor claimed would be sufficient "to lift up again the vessel when sunk under the water." With Day on board, the sloop was sunk in Plymouth Sound, but the spectators watched in vain for its reappearance, and Day perished, an early martyr to science. Probably the first submarine boat which approached really useful success, was that made by David Bushnell, in Connecticut, toward the close of the last century. This was of a flattened oval shape,

contained a reserve of compressed air, and was armed with a petard charged with 160 pounds of gunpowder. The navigator, on approaching an enemy's ship, could sink his craft out of sight; but the mechanism for attaching the petard to a hostile hull, and exploding it by means of clock-work, was of faulty construction, and failed to act. Bushness, his boat, and the American cruiser which had them on board, were all sunk by a British man-of-war. Fulton's experiments in Brest Harbor at the commencement of the present century, and his "Nautilus," in which he and four companions descended in the water to a depth of thirty feet, remained there an hour, and then rose to the surface, were destined to draw the attention of British statesmen to the possibilities of submarine navigation; and for some years experiments by private individuals were subsidized by the Government. Among these may be included the craft of the famous smuggler Johnson, constructed with money supplied by the Admiralty, but actually destined to facilitate the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. Napoleon died during the construction of the boat; but subsequent experiments showed that it could remain under water for a couple of hours, being propelled by a wheel and crank. During the American Civil War numerous submarine "cigar-boats" were constructed, and it was at this epoch that something like success was attained. These boats, termed "Davids"—an allusion to the power of the Scriptural David against Goliath—dived under the keel of a vessel at anchor, towing after them torpedoes, which, striking the hull of the ship, were destined to explode and sink it. The courage and daring of the Americans were shown in the navigation of these dangerous craft. Many were capsized, some "dived" too deeply, and sticking in the mud at the bottom of the harbor, remained fast, and drowned their crews; others were destroyed in the explosion caused by the torpedo they towed, perishing with the crew of the enemy's ship which they destroyed; but crews were always ready to man the Davids as fast as they were constructed; and when the war terminated, the lessons taught by experience had resulted in the production of a submarine boat which could be navigated with something like safety and precision. Of more recent years, both the French and Russian Governments have expended large sums in the construction of various craft destined to navigate the depths of the ocean. The former appear to pin their

faith to the Goubet, so named after its inventor, which, driven by electricity, carries a crew of six, is armed with a pair of shears for cutting its way through torpedo nettings, and can discharge one or more torpedoes from the interior. The Goubet can remain under water for nearly an hour, and all trials are reported to have been perfectly satisfactory. Russia has a torpedo-boat of the Goubet style, but with modifications in the air supply, and the "planes" which direct the angles at which it "dives" and rises again to the surface are said to be improvements on the original model. In Britain, experts declare the Nordenfeldt to be the submarine boat of the future. It is of cigar shape, sixty-four feet long, nine feet beam amidships, carries sixty tons of coal, and can descend to a depth of fifty feet under the water. Vertical screws force the vessel to descend, and there is an ample supply of air for the crew of nine men. Stability when submerged is preserved by balance rudders, which, kept by automatic gear on a perpetual plane, control the tendency to dive or oscillate. At present steam is the recognized motive power, but it is probable that at no distant date electricity will be substituted. Apart from their utility in time of war as torpedo-boats, it is claimed that there is a future for submarine crafts in the conveyance of despatches or passengers at times when storms render navigation on the surface of the ocean dangerous or even impracticable.

**Plaster Casts....Replicas of Famous Statues....Washington Star**

"We get our plaster casts of celebrated statues and other art works from the great museums of the world, in Rome, Berlin, Paris, and London," said the curator of the Corcoran Gallery. "In those great institutions—perhaps not more than half a dozen in number—are gathered practically all of the important original antiques in existence. The only way in which it is possible to secure reproductions of such priceless relics is to obtain permission from the authorities in charge of the museums to take casts. Not always is such a liberty easy to secure. You must remember that art works of the sort are absolutely irreplaceable, and inasmuch as there is always some danger incidental to the making of casts, no matter how carefully the thing is done, you will readily understand how it is that reluctance is apt to be felt in allowing the thing to be done. Not infrequently it has happened

that the taking of a single cast was permitted, but a repetition of the process refused, simply because it was not thought desirable to take any more chances. There would be no object in taking a second cast were it not that a mould wears out after a while and will not reproduce the original satisfactorily any longer. It is a fact that nearly all of the casts used in art schools for drawing from and such purposes, are casts made from casts and not from originals. Casts exhibited in galleries, however, ought always to be first-hand, because the second-hand ones lack the finest sculptured outline. How do we procure the casts? We send to firms in the cities I have mentioned, which have arrangements of confidence with the great museums. If it is a statue from the British Museum that we want a replica of we are obliged to send to a dealer named Brecciani, who is the only person permitted to make casts of art objects in that institution. Brecciani and the other dealers in this line of business publish regular annual catalogues, which they send around to art galleries and merchants everywhere, price-lists accompanying. According to their schedules a bust of Cæsar is worth \$1.50; a fragment of an ancient frieze, the same amount; a reproduction of the celebrated 'Disk Thrower,' \$37; a caryatid, \$30; and a whole harpy tomb, \$45. The last, of course, is a particularly elaborate piece. When we want anything in the way of a cast we send on an order, just as for any other kind of merchandise. The making of a cast from a statue is an exceedingly difficult affair. For the head and face alone fifty or sixty pieces are required to make the mould; the ear will take twelve pieces. Work is begun, say, by placing one scrap of moist plaster-of-Paris over a small section of the face, taking care not to cover any more surface than the plaster when hardened can readily be withdrawn from without breaking. When this piece has become hard it is permitted to remain sticking to the statue, while another scrap of plaster is applied to an adjoining section of surface. In this way the task slowly progresses until the entire statue is covered with the hard plaster, the bits being separated from each other by a sort of shellac on their edges, which prevents them from sticking together. After this has been accomplished it only remains to remove the pieces of plaster, which fit together, into the shape of the desired mould. Probably the finest collection of antique sculpture in existence is in Rome.

## CURIOSITIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

**Album Verse in Cipher....Dr. Whewell....Macaronics**

Dr. Whewell wrote this in the album of a young lady:

"U o a o, but I o u;  
O o no o, but O o me;  
O let not my o a o go;  
But give o o, I o u so!"

which, being deciphered, is this:

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;  
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;  
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;  
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!"

**The Rainbow....A Riddle....Johann C. F. von Schiller**

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls  
High over the tranquil sea;  
In a moment it unfurls  
Its span, unbounded free.  
The tallest ship with swelling sail  
May pass 'neath its arch with ease;  
It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,  
And when you approach it flees.  
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes,  
And what it is made of nobody knows.

**Bones in the Human Skeleton....E. P....Wide Awake**

Bones of the Head.

In the head of an adult 22 we trace—  
8 are in the cranium, 14 in the face:  
1 frontal, 1 occipital, parietal bones 2,  
2 temporal, 1 sphenoid, 1 ethmoid—that will do;  
The facial bones are hard to name; the most in pairs you'll see,  
Except the vomer—that is 1, and maxillary 3;  
2 lachrymal, 2 palatal, 2 nasal bones between,  
2 turbinated, malar 2—which just makes up 14.

Bones of the Trunk.

Spinal column 26; ribs 24;  
Sternum, os hyoides—of each of them 1 more;

Ossa innominata 2; and now I hope you'll find  
These 54 bones in the trunk are also in your mind!

The Upper Extremities.

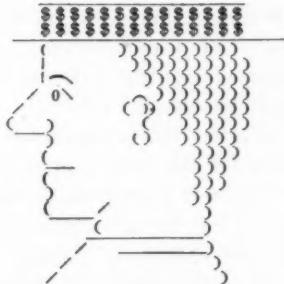
Clavicle or collar bone—this works like a charm!  
Scapula, the shoulder-blade, and humerus, the arm;  
The ulna and the radius from elbow down to wrist,  
And there the 8 small carpal bones must none of them be  
missed;  
5 metacarpal bones are in the hand; and next are seen  
The thumb and finger bones, which are phalanges, just 14.

The Lower Extremities.

The femur bone is in the thigh—the strongest bone of all;  
Then the patella in the knee, triangular and small;  
The tibia and fibula below the knee are found,  
And then the 7 tarsal bones together tightly bound;  
5 metatarsal form the foot; and then, within the toes  
14 phalanges will be found—  
With these the list you close.

**The Typewriter Frankenstein....From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch**

A St. Louis typewriting expert performs the feat of decorating her business card with this picture of the level-headed man who patronizes the bureau. The head is worked out entirely by using the characters which answer to the keys and by manipulating the "carriage."



This picture should convince you  
That a skilful woman can  
Of very poor material  
Make quite a decent man.

## LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY

*"These are the Eternal Questions"*

**The Problem of Life....John Wilson....From *Ænigma Vitæ***

The man of nineteenth-century culture, with his larger insight into the loom of physical forces, and his feebler spiritual vision, when he comes to take up his life's problem in earnest, is apt to see himself as a weak nomad amid the overwhelming powers without him, a mere eddy in the tide of blind forces. He is beset with dark mysteries and insoluble riddles, as he overhangs for a little the dread abyss which seems, Saturn-like, to devour all its offspring. He feels depressed by his position, in the grasp of the inevitable, and at the mercy of external circumstances. The light of consciousness seems lit for him only the better to discover the gloom of his situation. And though, as some assert, he may have some small power to determine his own course amid the complex currents; and though there may be for him a right and a wrong direction to steer, why should he try to buffet with the mighty currents that carry down all alike to speedy silence and forgetfulness? The logical result of the naturalism of the day is pessimism and despair. But when "he comes to himself," when he gets some insight into his true self and his true life, man can measure himself more correctly against the rest of nature. His conscious Ego is something else than a mere incident in the on-rushing current of physical forces. Small as he feels himself to be, when confronted with the mighty powers of nature, there is that in man to which all nature turns, and on which it all in some sense depends. Nature looks to man's consciousness for the true interpretation. The great key to all the truth about nature, and about matter, lies in our Ego; the key to our higher nature lies not in matter: and when the new science arises, founded upon the priority of consciousness to matter, and on a true analysis of consciousness, we shall see something still more glorious than this all-embracing web of material development, which is the boast of modern science. There is that in man's personality which makes all nature unsubstantial. That alone possesses the possibility of permanence. All else on earth is fleeting and phenomenal—forms which pass away forever, in the flux

of matter, and the evolution of new forms; all else in "the world passeth away," was written of old, "but he that doeth the will of the Lord endureth forever." It is personality—that personality which wills in conformity with the Supreme Will, which has true permanent life.

**The Human Fear of Death....Austin Phelps....My Note-Book**

The analogies of Nature are in league with revelation in its contradiction of our pagan notions of dying. They teach that the passage to another life must be a transition to a higher and a nobler life. One thing passes away that a better thing may be. Species gives place to superior species. Evolution is upward. Such is the latest and grandest faith of science. This law of an ascending grade in the evolution of Nature is but the type of law of resurrection and ascension in spiritual destiny. Terrestrial bodies are the precursors of bodies celestial. The new being is a nobler being. New faculties open upon new researches. Discovery springs to new opportunities. The spirit of the man goeth upward. The comparative reticence of revelation on the subject is the most suggestive thing we know of it. It hints at unutterable possibilities. It incloses inconceivable certainties. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard them. The dread of death must in nature of things be most oppressive in a materialistic age. This is a magnificent world. Add to its material resources the attachment which habits create, and you have bonds almost invincible, to bind us all to its exceeding loveliness. This world is home. A materialistic faith has nothing to give us which can balance the grim fact that we must leave it, and go—whither? The well-known remark of Dr. Johnson to Garrick who was showing off his splendid house and grounds: "Ah! David, these are the things that make death terrible!" has probably found its way in substance to the mind of every man whose life has been successful, as the world counts success. Christianity is worth believing, were it for nothing else than its revelation of an antidote to the fact of death. And its glory is that it discloses a world of spiritual resources of which this world, with all its resplendent beauty and home likeness, is but a remote and inadequate emblem. In the Christian theory of life the chief use of this world is to be a symbol of the world to come.

## NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

**My Books....Austin Dobson....St. James's Budget**

They dwell in the odor of camphor,  
They stand in a Shraton shrine,  
They are warranted "early editions,"  
These worshipful tomes of mine;

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"  
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"  
With their delicate watered linings,  
They are jewels of price, I grant;

Blind-tooled and morocco jointed,  
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,  
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,  
But they gather the dust, no less.

For the row that I prize is yonder,  
Away on the unglazed shelves,  
The bulged and bruised octavos,  
The dear and dumpy twelves—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,  
And Howell the worse for wear,  
And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,  
And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,  
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd—  
For the rest I never have opened,  
But those are the books I read.

**Her Talent....Harry B. Smith....America**

She does not prate of Browning,  
Whose works I have not read.  
There is no laurel crowning  
Her shapely little head.  
She is not versed in Schiller  
And Goethe and the rest;  
She has no store of "siller,"  
As some, perchance, have guessed.

She knows no word of Dante  
And his Italian crew;  
She plays not "penny ante"  
As rapid maidens do.  
No more she knows of Spencer  
Than of La Rochefoucauld;  
On Darwin she is denser  
Than any girl I know.

With Kant and Schopenhauer  
Her speech she will not load,  
But fortune other power  
Upon her has bestowed.  
Though Mill and Huxley tire her,  
As she will frankly state,  
Yet still I must admire her—  
Her pumpkin pies are great.

**Lapis Sanctus....Wm. Stoddard McNeill....The Mobile Register**

The stone referred to is the proposed Mobile statue of Admiral Raphael Semmes, to which all the Southern States have contributed.

Sculptor, prepare thy chisel! In the heart  
Of yon white quarry waits a stone, ordained  
Since mountains had their birth, for Phidian art  
To simulate the man who bore unstained  
A nation's honor. Now, in bright array,  
Armies gone heavenward o'er the battle's smoke  
Welcome his spirit, while we hold the clay.  
"Deo Vindice," yes, let him who spoke  
From Sinai's crest in thunder, from the cross  
In tears, absolve the warrior and the man.  
He rests; relieved from duty; ours the loss.  
His foes victorious; 'twas th' eternal plan!

Bring all your wondrous art to pose the form  
Erect, not haughty, for his shoulders bore  
No self-sought honors. In the gathering storm  
His people called him, as in days of yore,  
Heroes were summoned for their country's good;  
And when, with crimson clouds, our sun had gone,  
Still upright, 'gainst the lurid background, stood  
The first—and last Confederate chief—alone!

Write on the shaft "We loved him." All these years  
 Since that torn flag was folded, we've been true.  
 The love that bound us, now revealed in tears,  
 Like webs unseen till heavy with the dew.

**St. Martin's Lane....Eugene Field....The Chicago Daily News**

St. Martin's Lane winds up the hill  
 And trends a devious way:  
 I walk therein amid the din  
 Of busy London day:  
 I walk where wealth and squalor meet,  
 And think upon a time  
 When others trod this saintly sod  
 And heard St. Martin's chime.

But when those solemn bells invoke  
 The midnight's slumbrous grace,  
 The ghosts of men come back again  
 To haunt that curious place.  
 The ghosts of sages, poets, wits  
 Come back in goodly train  
 And all night long, with mirth and song,  
 They walk St. Martin's Lane.

There's Jerrold paired with Thackeray,  
 Maginn, and Thomas Moore;  
 And here and there and everywhere  
 Fraserians by the score;  
 And one wee ghost that climbs the hill  
 Is welcomed with a shout.  
 No king could be revered as he,  
 The *padre*, Father Prout!

They banter up and down the street  
 And clamor at the door  
 Of yonder inn, which once has been  
 The scene of mirth galore;  
 'Tis now a lonely, musty shell,  
 Deserted, like to fall;  
 And echo mocks their ghostly knocks  
 And iterates their call

Come back, ghost of that ruddy host,  
From Pluto's misty shore;  
Renew to-night the keen delight  
Of by-gone years once more;  
Brew for this merry, motley horde  
And serve the steaming cheer,  
And grant that I may lurk hard by  
To see the mirth, and hear.

Ah me! I dream what things may seem  
To others childish, vain,  
And yet at night 'tis my delight  
To walk St. Martin's Lane.  
For, in the light of other days,  
I walk with those I love,  
And, all the time, St. Martin's chime  
Makes piteous moan above.

**Miniatures....Philosophy in Quatrains....Compiled from Contemporaries**

A hornet's sting is a red-hot thing,  
And gets there without fail;  
It points a moral in language oral,  
And, besides, adorns a tail.—Ashland Press.

The dialogue and paragraph  
Afford us but a moment's laugh;  
Pad them with words, and then you'll see  
The essay and the comedy!—Puck.

There's a reason why, as I suppose,  
A woman so oft herself deceives;  
The truth, to a man, is what he *knows*—  
The truth to a woman, what she *believes*.—Brooklyn Life.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
A jaded crowd sneaks gently o'er the lea—  
The fishers homeward plod their weary way,  
Concocting lies to tell to you and me.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

One thing of Noah must be said—  
Nor will the truth be strained;  
Without a doubt he knew enough  
To go in when it rained.—Hay Press.

## ON THE TRACK OF A FUGITIVE\*

It was just daybreak when, deep down in the marsh, the dog suddenly stopped, and raising his head, gave a low growl, his tail dropping, and every hair on his thin back rising.

"Ah!" said the negro under his breath, seizing him. "Don't you bark."

Hall cocked his gun.

They held a little whispered consultation, and then the negro crept forward, Hall following at his heels with his gun ready. Reaching a heavy clump of bushes, Dick parted them and peeped through. When he turned, his eyes were almost popping out of his head. He pointed silently for Hall to look.

Ten feet ahead, on the ground under a tree, lay a heavy man fast asleep on his back. The breast of his coarse, dirty shirt was open, and his thick red neck showed the deep purple mark of Pokeberry. An empty whiskey-flask was near him. A gun lay beside him, and the handle of an ugly knife peeped out from his belt. Another consultation was held, and then Dick, taking the rope and making a large running knot, crept forward, while Hall brought his gun half up, ready for use if it were needed. Carefully placing the open large loop around one of the sleeper's hands, which was raised from the ground and enabled him to adjust it, Dick suddenly jerked it tight. The murderer, with an oath, sprang up into a sitting posture. As he did so, the negro gave a turn of his rope around his other hand, and then, with a dexterous twist, wrapped it around his neck, and pulled it taut.

Pokeberry lost a second trying to get at his knife in which Dick gave another turn of the rope around his neck, and got his hands together. Pokeberry rose, but the negro flung himself on him. Even then it was a terrible struggle, and the clothes of the two men as they wrestled and rolled were torn to shreds.

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\* From "On Newfound River" by Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pokeberry, a southern rascal, in the days before the war, has escaped to the woods after an assault on young Bruce Landon, son of Major Landon. Hall, the constable, and Runaway Dick, one of Major Landon's slaves, pursue Pokeberry, who is successfully tracked by one of his own bloodhounds, used by him in slave-hunting.

Little Hall's gun was useless; for he could not shoot one without the other. He, however, jumped around and encouraged Dick with many oaths, standing ready to aid him if it should become necessary. It did not become necessary; for the liquor in Pokeberry's brain, and the tangle of cord around his wrists and neck decided the contest, and Dick finally had the murderer bound and subdued. His struggles but tightened the cords around his throat.

"Loosen this rope, for God's sake!" he gurgled. "I'm chokin' to death." His eyes, in fact, looked as if he were speaking the truth.

"Wait till marster and them white mens gits hold of you," said Dick, "an' you'll have a tighter rope 'n that."

He, however, relieved it a little. This suggestion had its effect on the ruffian.

"What they going to do with me?" he asked. "Try me?"

"Hang you."

His jaws dropped. "When?"

"Der got rope waitin' fer you now," said Dick.

The ruffian's red face turned deadly white.

"I didn't do it," he said. "I swear——"

"Yes you did. Git up heah; I gwine carry you to him right now."

They lifted the fellow; but he dropped down again.

"Look here," he said; "if you all will let me get away, I'll—I'll give you anything in the world."

Hall laughed derisively.

"Get up, and come on."

"I wouldn't let you git 'way," said Dick, "not fer master's big plantation an' ev'ry mule on it. Git up heah!"

The two men jerked at the rope till the brute, half strangled, agreed to come.

The twenty or more men assembled at the Crossroads that morning were a sleepy and dejected-looking set. Their search had failed; the murderer had escaped. Suddenly one of them swore a great oath and pointed up the road. There came three men, the foremost with his hands and arms tied to his body, and behind him, Hall and Dick Runaway, walking like soldiers, with guns on their shoulders. A little hound trotted at Dick's heels. The crowd was instantly in a commotion. They streamed down the road to meet the captors and their prisoner.

Pokeberry was taken from the two, who were swept from their feet, and in a minute a rope was around his neck. He recognized his peril. His face was deadly white and he began to plead. His pleadings, however, were cut short. The mob was in no humor for mercy. He was dragged along to the Crossroads, where a brief stop was made, and was tied to a tree while a consultation was held. It was determined to lynch him immediately. The crowd again surrounded him. One or two of them told him to pray. The poor wretch broke forth into cries. But the mob was pitiless. It contained a number who had been his boon companions. His many offences were enumerated, the attack on Dr. Browne being one of them.

"Jim, you are the constable; you ought to protect me," he said to Hall.

"Protect you! I'm going to hang you," said Hall.

At this moment a remark from Dick unexpectedly intervened and saved him.

The negro was most eager to have him die, but suggested that maybe his master would like to see him hung. This opened a discussion; and by one of the freaks which frequently operate on a mob, it turned the scale, and it was decided to put the question to a vote, whether he should or should not be hung till the major could see him.

It was decided by a small majority that the hanging should be put off, as it could be at most for only a few hours.

The prisoner was locked up in a little outhouse on the premises with guards over him.

During the day hundreds of people flocked to the place, and the little groggeries did the largest business ever known, at least in whiskey. The guards furnished their part of the patronage, and exhibited the prisoner to the interested villagers as if he had been a show.

By nightfall they were all in liquor and were drinking heavily. Hospitality demanded that even a murderer should be treated properly in this respect, standing, as it were, somewhat in the place of a guest. Pokeberry had been furnished all the liquor he wanted. This was a great deal. He called for it frequently. At dark he was apparently drunk. His guards were certainly so.

The next morning, at daylight, the prisoner was gone. No one could tell how; and as there had been a heavy thun-

derstorm in the night, there was small chance of tracking him. The guards were too steeped in liquor and overwhelmed with confusion to give any coherent account. He had actually taken their guns with him.

He had been there at two o'clock. One of them had taken a last drink with him.

There was a great commotion.

The guards were universally cursed and derided, and sought consolation in stupor.

A hue and cry was again raised, and the fugitive was hotly pursued. Dick Runaway and the little hound, whose reputations were established, were recognized as important factors in the chase, and were given honorable positions in the front.

The crowd struck for Newfound. The woods were systematically searched. Toward sunset the track of the fugitive was discovered. The hound had followed the scent to an old brush pile, deep in a thicket. The fugitive had evidently lain there concealed. The brush was scattered about, as if he had left hastily. The little hound dashed off toward the water. He was making for the pond and the dense thickets on the other side. The little beast, thoroughly interested, followed the trail with the precision of destiny. It cut straight for the river. It was evidently warm, for he gave mouth, his long, mellow note exciting the pursuers, who could scarcely keep up with him. Once the trail was lost for a little while, where the fugitive waded in a branch; but the little animal picked it up again and struck out confidently in the same direction.

At last, just at sunset, one of the pursuers caught sight of a figure on a knoll a few hundred yards ahead running with all his speed. His shout gave new ardor to the chase, and the crowd, with loud cries, dashed through the bush to head him off from the pond.

It was, indeed, Pokeberry.

All day he had lain concealed, crouched under a pile of brush in the pines, in a spot which he had found an hour or two after his escape.

Newfound was up a little and he could not cross safely just then; but it would fall by night and he could get over.

He felt secure, and, overcome with fatigue and relief, had fallen asleep. How long he slept he could not tell. He was aroused suddenly by shouts in the distance. He lay

still. He was so concealed that they might pass within ten feet of him and miss him. But suddenly he started up, for the note of a hound, a note well known, reached his ears. A deep oath fell from his lips, and his face grew deadly white. It was his own dog, and he was on a warm trail: on his track. The notes came again clearer: they were nearer; they were on his trail. Springing up with an oath, and seizing his gun, he dashed through the woods. If he could get to the head of the pond, and reach the other side, he would be safe. The old ravines and the thickets of the swamp would conceal him till night, when he could steal away and leave the country. He could not swim, but he could cross the pond high up by wading. He had not gone three hundred yards, when, as he crossed a rise, he heard his dog's well-known yelp, yelp, and looked back. On the crest of a hill he caught sight of the little beast. He was coming on at a gallop, straight behind, his nose to the ground.

A short distance behind him were half a dozen men, Hall in the lead. They caught sight of him at the same instant, and a fierce shout went up from them. With a great oath the fugitive rushed on. His heart was thumping against his ribs and his face burned like fire. He reached a little creek, and, springing in, ran down it through the water. If he could throw the dog from the scent he might escape. The briars tore his face and the thorns stuck into his flesh; but he did not feel them. Life was before, death was behind him. He clambered out and rushed on. A vine caught him and threw him to the ground; a sharp pain shot through his ankle; but he scrambled up and fled, limping on through the thickets. The water came in sight through the bushes at the foot of the hill he was descending. Perhaps the hound had been thrown from the scent and he was safe. He wanted but ten minutes. He breathed freer and paused to listen. Suddenly his hopes were dashed to the ground; for close behind him he heard a noise, and, turning, there was the dog. A fearful oath escaped him. But hope suddenly rose again. He would take him with him. He could drown him in the pond. He turned and called him in a low voice, —“Heah—heah! Come heah, you d—d fool!”

The dog stopped and growled.

He took a few steps back toward him.

"Come heah! Don't you heah me?"

The little beast, with the timidity of his nature intensified, suddenly turned, and tucking his tail between his legs, retreated some twenty yards, and, half turning round, gave a loud angry bark.

A shout answered back in the woods.

With an oath Pokeberry raised and cocked his gun and brought it up to his shoulder. The little wretch, at the threatening motion, started to flee. There was a loud report. With a yelp the dog rolled over in the bushes, stone dead.

The living brute fled on again. In a few moments he was at the water's edge, wading through the alders which grew in the shallows. They were deeper than he had ever seen them. He emerged from the bushes.

Only a dozen yards away was the other bank, covered with a dense and almost impenetrable thicket.

Over there he was safe. The pursuers were already almost on him.

He could hear their voices. Not a moment was to be lost.

He could not swim, but the water before him was smooth.

He dashed in, and in two steps went down over his head.

He came up choking and struggling and struck out wildly only to go down again. Rising again, he beat the water frantically, and again went under; but once more got to the top. His lungs were filled. He was going down again, sinking, drowning. Good God! drowning! He was strangling. Struggling to the top again, he gave a wild cry, "Help, help!"

The water filled his throat, drawing him down, and drowned his despairing shriek.

The men through the bushes only a few yards away heard the cry, wild, agonized, and rushed into the alder thickets through the water. Parting the bushes they gazed across to the other bank. It lay calm and quiet in the summer sunshine. They looked at the water just before them. On it, a little way down, just in the current, floated an old worn hat. That was all.

The waters of Newfound slept below as placid as ever.

**BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY DOINGS**

George Edward Woodberry, one of the best of the younger American writers of the day, has recently been appointed Professor of Literature at Columbia College... Thomas Hardy, the novelist, began his career as an architect in Dorchester, and his first published work was an essay on the use of colored brick and terra cotta in dwelling houses; his house, Max Gate, in Dorsetshire, was designed by himself; his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published in 1870, when he was thirty-one years old.... Baron Tauchnitz, who has made a fortune by reprinting English books for Continental circulation, is going to publish an English magazine to be made up from the best articles from English and American periodicals.... To the question, "What books have exercised the greatest influence upon your mind?" *La Revue des Revues* received the following list from General Von Moltke, just before his death: "The Bible, *The Iliad*, *Littnow's Wonders of the Heavens*, *Liebig's Five Letters on Agricultural Chemistry*, and *Clausewitz On War*;" to the inquiry, "What books do you read with most pleasure?" the reply was: "Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Ranke, Treitschke, and Carlyle".... Ouida writes of Rudyard Kipling in the *London Times*: "He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them".... Sardou, the great French playwright, writes a hand so fine that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it.... Herbert Spencer's new work, *Justice*, is ready, completing the part on the Principles of Ethics.... Bismarck, when asked whether he would leave memoirs to be published, like Talleyrand's, sixty years after his death, replied: "If I live another ten years, an instalment of my memoirs will be published while I am alive; I should like to be alive to defend my memoirs against contradiction; I can guess what would be written about them if I were dead; and I should jump in my coffin if some men were able to give me the lie with impunity".... Miss Elliott's story, *Jerry*, has been translated into German and will be published shortly at Leipsic.... A posthumous story by John Elliott Curran, the

author of *Jeanne* and *Miss Frances Merley*, who died last year, appeared in the July Scribner; it is entitled *My Uncle Dick*, and is one of the last writings finished by Mr. Curran . . . Professor Villari, the author of the *Life of Savonarola* and other books, has become Minister of Public Instruction in the Italian Government . . . An English literary journal is authority for the statement that Bret Harte's income from his books published in England last year was fifteen thousand dollars, while from his American publishers he received less than sixteen hundred dollars . . . The Philosophical Society of Berlin offers a prize of 1,000 marks (\$250) for the best essay on the relation of philosophy to the empirical science of nature; the essays may be written in German, French, English or Latin, and must be sent in before April 1st, 1893 . . . Six attempts having been made to dramatize *Lorna Doone* for the London stage, and six failures having been the result, Mr. Blackmore has himself decided to turn his famous story into a four-act play . . . Juan Valera, the author of *Doña Luz* and *Pepita Ximene*, was formerly Spanish minister to the United States; he is about sixty years old, and devotes his time to politics and literature . . . Although only two months old, *Adeline's Art Dictionary*, by D. Appleton & Co., has already taken its place as a standard book of reference, and received most enthusiastic praise from press and public for its concise and complete definitions and its excellent illustrations . . . The San Francisco Argonaut says: "A more amusing and lovable character it would be hard to find in American fiction than that Virginia gentleman, Colonel Carter of Cartersville" . . . Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the *Magazine of History*, is a delicate-looking elderly woman, who has been elected to membership in twenty-five historical or other learned societies in this country and Europe; she is a native of a small village in the hills of western Massachusetts . . . Forty thousand copies of Opie P. Read's *A Kentucky Colonel* have been sold thus far by the publishers . . . Professor William Blackie, of Edinburgh, is one of the greatest living authorities upon Germany, its government, the characteristics of the people, and allied matters; this knowledge has procured for him the nickname of German Blackie among his students at the university . . . Lord Randolph Churchill takes but two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—*Shakespeare* and *Molière* . . . Melville

Philips has written in collaboration with the wife of a prominent United States Senator, a political story which the authors have named *The Wife of Senator Bunce*.... "Not long past," says *The London Academy*, "there was published a book of an ugliness so gross and a vulgarity so pestilent that it deserved the bonfire and the hangman, the fate of no worse books in a by-gone age; the book has been bought by tens of thousands and hundred of thousands, in England and America; clubs and societies have been called after its author's name; that book is *Looking Backward*; it purported to give us an insight into the perfected society of the future; and what we saw was a nightmare spectacle of machinery dominating the world".... John Greenleaf Whittier has sent an autograph copy of *The Kansas Emigrant's Song* to the Kansas State Historical Society; the venerable poet, who is nearly eighty-four years old, pathetically writes: "My sight has failed so much that I fear my writing will be unreadable. I would not have tried to copy anything for any other purpose".... The first number of *The Blue Peter*, a new illustrated monthly journal devoted to ocean travel, has just been issued.... William Tinsley, the well-known publisher, is engaged on his *Reminiscences*.... Lord Wolseley, in the *Fortnightly Review*, says of Col. F. Maurice's book on War, recently issued in London: "If the author had written nothing else, this article would, I think, stamp him as the ablest English writer on military subjects".... Mark Twain, who with his family has taken up his residence in France, is writing a novel which will probably be published serially before the year is out; it deals with the later schemes and adventures of Colonel Sellers.... Speaking of the recent biography of Lawrence Oliphant, and after expressing its fears of an Oliphant fad, the *London Star* says: "It appears that one of his disciples, Mr. Haskett Smith, is to publish a further elucidation of Lawrence's life and theories in the form of a novel, to be entitled *For God and Humanity*; but why, in the name of both, in the form of a novel?".... The *National Review* has been bought by Edward Arnold.... Charles Booth, the author of the *Labor and Life of the People*, the greatest work on social economy ever published, is a Liverpool and American merchant, who has long taken an interest in social questions.... Dr. Thomas Dunn English is engaged in collaboration with a distinguished Egyptologist on a novel, the scene of which

is laid in the reign of Rameses III....James Payn has written a story entitled *A Modern Dick Whittington* for Tiltonson & Son's Newspaper Syndicate....Whittier has had printed at the Riverside Press a small volume of his recent verse for distribution among his friends on his eighty-third birthday; it is called *At Sundown* and is inscribed to "The poet and friend of poets," E. C. Stedman....William Black's new novel, *Donald Ross of Heimra*, is just coming from the press....Charles Dudley Warner is described by a western newspaper as "our American flash-light photographer of social fads"....Clyde Fitch has finished a new play for Mrs. John Wood, of the Royal Court Theatre, London; it is to be produced late in the summer, and the utmost secrecy is observed as to the plot and the cast....Professor Max Müller's most recent course of Gifford Lectures delivered in Glasgow University is in the press, and will appear in the autumn under the title *Anthropological Religion*....A new story by Bret Harte is to appear in six parts in *Macmillan's Magazine*; it is called *A First Family of Tasajara*....Page M. Baker, the editor of *The New Orleans Times-Democrat*, under whose management that paper has won such high credit, is quick to recognize good work wherever he sees it, and is known as a most kind and valuable friend to young writers....Lowell says "the secret of force in writing lies not so much in the pedigree of nouns and adjectives and verbs as in having something you believe in to say, and making the parts of speech vividly conscious of it"....Archdeacon Farrar is preparing papers on the Difficulties of the Bible, for the *Expositor*....Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John, whose happy compilation, *Wordsworth for the Young*, has just left the press of D. Lothrop Co., is a resident of the university town of Ithaca, and has spent much time and thought in selecting from the great English poet this garland of his most poetic thoughts especially adapted to children....There are now 19,373 newspapers in the United States and Canada....Prof. David A. Wells is working at what will prove one of the most important books on the subject ever published; it deals with the principles of taxation and has occupied the constant study of years with the author....Dr. Edward Eggleston recently brought suit against the author and managers of *Blue Jeans*, as he believes that parts of the play were suggested by his novel *Roxy* and so infringe his rights....Edmund

Gosse is to write the article Poetry for the new edition of Chambers's *Encyclopædia*....Black and White, the London weekly, says: "The evolution of M. Jules Lemaitre is one of the most interesting episodes in contemporary French literature; the pedagogue turned critic, and one of the most delightful, readable, fanciful critics imaginable; then after criticising other men's plays for a goodly number of nights, he turned playwright himself and succeeded again; *Revoltée* was a good play, *Le Député Leveau* a better, *Mariage Blanc* is possibly better still"....A number of the letters in Cassell's edition of *The Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff* are original in this edition, as they do not appear in the book as published in France; the Cassells paid a large sum for the privilege of issuing the work in English before its issue in French....Mrs. Mary J. Holmes' new novel, *Marguerite*, is finished and will soon be on the market; the books of this author aggregate each year nearly 90,000 copies....The Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale of Paris has awarded a prize of 2,500 francs to H. M. Howe for his work on *The Metallurgy of Steel*, published by the Scientific Publishing Company of New York....One of the most successful books ever written, Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*, is now in its 225th edition—and each edition means a thousand copies....William E. Henley, the poet, is preparing an anthology for boys—a book wherein will appear what he considers all the finest fighting or heroic verse, between and including Shakespeare and Whitman....Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, in her *Memoirs*, just published, declares that when David Copperfield came out, Thackeray was very much struck with Little Emily's letter to old Pegotty, which he regarded as a "masterpiece;" Dickens's works, she says, "were as much a part of our home as our own father's; we each and all enjoyed in turn our share of those thin green books full of delicious things, and how glad we were when they came to our youthful portion at last, after our elders, and our governess, and our butler, had read them"....George W. Cable challenges Joel Chandler Harris to quote any single paragraph which he has ever published the truth of which can be denied....Writing, in the June *Atlantic*, on *New England in the Short Story*, a critic says: "There are two periods in the life of a country when the short story is peculiarly adapted to display the characteristics of the people; the first is when

the country is virgin soil for the novelist; the second is when the soil, in agricultural phrase, is worn out; at the present time, the South, and more particularly the South-west, illustrates the former of the two periods, New England the latter"....Renan is said to be elated because the third volume of the History of Israel has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius; he knows that will make more readers....It is said that the widow of Albert Mario, the Italian patriot, is the author of the article in the June Contemporary Review on Italy and France, which has been commonly attributed to Signor Crispi, late Premier of Italy....A small but somewhat daring little work by an entirely new writer, hailing from Australia, will shortly be published in London; it is entitled *Modern Authors* by Arthur A. Lynch, and is a proposal to establish not canons, but certain plastic principles, of criticism to be applied in a general way to the literatures of England, France, Germany, Norway, etc....The next publication of the Grolier Club is to be a study of Washington Irving, by George William Curtis....George Eliot, making her will upon the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Cross, gave a life interest to Mr. Charles Lewes in those of her manuscripts of which she had retained the possession, and bequeathed the ultimate interest in them to the English Nation; the trustees of the British Museum have just received this precious bequest, and will shortly afford the public opportunity of examining them....A French dictionary to supersede even Littré is awaited, as the work of twenty years' collaboration by three scholars, two of whom show their German extraction in the names of Hatzfeld and Darmesteter....George A. Hibbard has recently won an enviable reputation as a writer of short stories of more than ordinary excellence; a collection of these stories will soon be published in an attractive volume entitled *Iduna, and Other Stories*....Fifteen years ago, says the *Toronto Week*, Robert Louis Stevenson was one of a small gathering of art students and others at Barbizon; a discussion arose as to who, out of all of them, could best be spared by the world at large; finally the matter was settled by a ballot, and every vote (his own included) was given for Stevenson....The *Silver Christ* is the title of Ouida's forthcoming story....G. Vere Tyler, the authoress of *Passion*, a novel which has been so well received by the press, is a daughter-in-law of

ex-President Tyler....Miss Lucy Allen Paton has been awarded the Sarah Green Timmins prize for an essay on Dante or his times; the title of Miss Paton's monograph is *The Personal Character of Dante as Revealed through His Writings*. . . . A novel guide book has been prepared by the Canadian author and sportsman, Charles G. D. Roberts, under the title, *Appleton's Canadian Guide Book*; in addition to information regarding points of interest for the tourist, routes, hotel fares, etc., it presents a continuous story of travel, with entertaining historical notes, graphic descriptions of scenery and people, sketches of canoeing trips and accounts of the opportunities for fishing....The *London Spectator* is "reluctantly forced to admit, that the ordinary work of the Younger American Poets is utterly without life; there is no nature, and there is no art; all is emptiness and wind" . . . . Miss Kate Sanborn has written a humorous account of her recent agricultural experiment, to be published in *Appleton's Midsummer Series* under the title, *Adopting an Abandoned Farm*: five hundred copies of the book have been ordered in advance by Miss Sanborn's friends....The *Humboldt Library* has recently published *Mental Suggestion*, by Dr. J. Ochorowicz; it is said to be the greatest work ever published on the phenomena of hypnotism and animal magnetism, treated historically and critically....The *Académie Française* has awarded to Henri Lavedan the *Toirac* prize of 4,000 francs for his comedy *Une Famille*, thus adjudging it to be the best comedy played at the *Théâtre Français* in the year 1890....The first book entered under the new copyright law was *The Faith Doctor*, by Edward Eggleston, to whose efforts the law is so largely due; it was arranged that Dr. Eggleston's novel should be placed first on the copyright records for July 1st, 1891, as a mark of appreciation of the author's services in behalf of the law....James Jeffrey Roche, the Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, has written a volume to be included in the *Macmillans' valuable and interesting Adventure Series*; he has taken as his subject the exciting exploits of *The Filibusters of the Spanish Main*.

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See Book List on front advertising pages.

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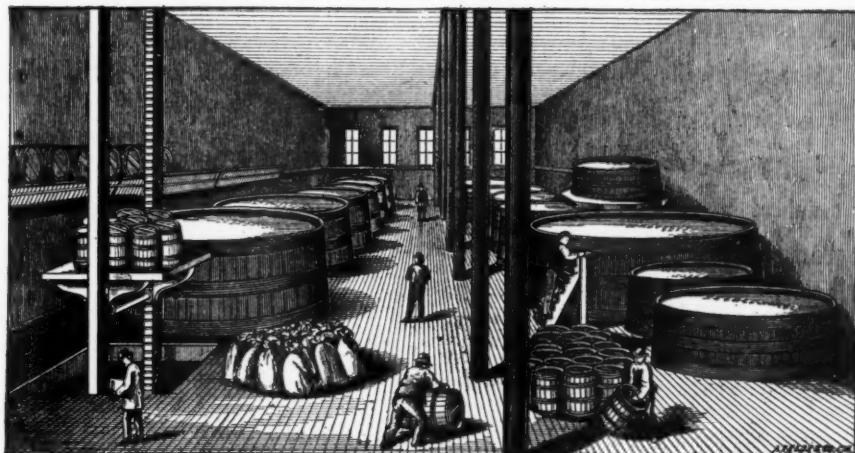
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Early Days Recalled: Janet Ross ( daughter of Lady Duff Gordon): J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, 12mo...	1 50
Henry Ward Beecher: Personality, Career, Public Affairs: J. R. Howard: Fords, Howard & Hulbert....	75
Insanity of Genius and the General Inequality of Human Faculty: J. F. Nisbet: Scribner's, 8vo, cloth..	5 60
Jenny Lind, The Artist: A Memoir. From Original Documents, Letters, etc.: H. S. Holland: Scribner's	7 50
Memoirs of Lady Hamilton: New Edition, with Copious Notes W. H. Long: Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth	3 00
Some French and Spanish Men of Genius: Joseph Forster, author of "Four Great Teachers": Scribner's	2 50
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A Colonial Inquisitor: Henry C. Lea: Atlantic.  
Court-Jesters of England: Ester Singleton: Cosmopolitan.  
Friedrich W. A. Argelander: Popular Science Mo.  
General Sherman: John Codman Ropes: Atlantic.  
Lord Byron's School-days: W. G. Blaikie: Harper's.  
My Adventure with Poe: Julian Hawthorne: Lippincott.  
My Home Life: Amelia B. Edwards: The Arena.  
Prince Bismarck: Murat Halstead: The Cosmopolitan.  
The German Emperor: W. Altney Bigelow: Century.  
Thoreau and his Biographers: S. A. Jones: Lippincott.  
Walt Whitman's Birthday: Horace L. Traubel: Lippincott.

## Educational Topics:

Individuality in Education: Mary L. Dickinson: Arena.  
Johns Hopkins University: D. C. Gilman: Cosmopolitan.

## Fiction of the Month:

A Common Story: Wolcott Balester: Century.  
According to Saint John: Amélie Rives: Cosmopolitan.  
At the Ranch of the Holy Cross: A. A. Hayes: Scribner's.  
Elsie: Thomas Nelson Page: Scribner's Magazine.  
Luck: A Story: Mark Twain: Harper's Magazine.  
Old Hickory's Ball: Will Allen Dronge: Arena.  
Romance of an Hour: John Bowles: Cosmopolitan.  
The Anatomist of the Heart: T. R. Sullivan: Scribner's.  
The Little Renault: Mary H. Catherwood: Century.  
The White Crown: Herbert D. Ward: Century.  
Uneffectual Fire: Annie Eliot: Scribner's.  
Zan Zoo: A Story: George Heath: Harper's.

## Historical and National:

A Disputed Correspondence: H. W. Preston: Atlantic.  
London—Pla tageret: Walter Besant: Harper's Magazine.  
The Vigilantes of California: John W. Clampett: Harper's.

## Literary Criticism:

Literature in the Market-Place: G. E. Woodberry: Forum.  
Oppression of Notes: Agnes Repplier: Atlantic.  
Pictorial Journalism: Valerian Grebáyéoff: Cosmopolitan.  
The Press as a News Gatherer: Wm. H. Smith: Century.  
The Study of Te xan on: Henry Van Dyke: Century.  
Vampire Literature: Anthony Comstock: No. Am. Rev.  
Woman's Press Club of N. Y.: F. A. Mathews: Cosmopolitan.

## Miscellaneous Papers:

Causes of Gold Exports: G. G. Williams: Forum.  
Dissected Emotions: John B. Roberts: Cosmopolitan.  
Fruit Culture in California: L. A. Sheldon: Forum.  
Re-roasted Chestnuts: Geo. G. Bain: Lippincott's.  
Public Careers and Long Life: Edward P. Clark: Forum.  
Russian Finance: Dr. F. Heinrich Geffcken: Forum.  
The Queen's Closet Opened: Alice M. Earle: Atlantic.

## Natural History Sketches:

Notes from the Wild Garden: E. M. Thomas: Atlantic.  
Two Little Drummers: Olive T. Miller: Atlantic.

## Poetry of the Month:

A Culprit: Charles H. Lüders: Lippincott's.  
A Damascus Blade: Clinton Scollard: Lippincott's.  
A Plea for Patriotism: Mary E. Blake: Lippincott's.  
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Answered: Fannie May Fitzhugh: Harper's Magazine.  
Ballade of Lovers: Marion M. Miller: Cosmopolitan.  
Dead Man's Holiday: Louise C. Moulton: Scribner's.  
Environment: Edgar Fawcett: Cosmopolitan.  
Good-By, my Fancy: Walt Whitman: Lippincott's.  
Gray Rocks and Tayer Sea: C. G. D. Roberts: Century.  
Harebell: Edmund Clarence Stedman: Atlantic.  
In Absence: Archibald Lampman: Scribner's Magazine.  
In the High Tower: Julia C. R. Dorr: Harper's.  
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On Elkhorn: Robert Burns Wilson: Century.  
Song and Sorrow: Mrs. James T. Fields: Scribner's.  
Sweet Mistress Nance: W. P. Carter: Century.

Sweet Peas: Julie M. Lippman: Atlantic Monthly.  
The Bridal Dress: Isabel Gordon: Cosmopolitan.  
The Dunchurch Bells: Archibald Gordon: Scribner's.  
The Great King's Dream: Scribner's Magazine.  
The Long Ago: John Vance Cheney: Cosmopolitan.  
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The Refiner's Fire: Willis B. Allen: Cosmopolitan.  
The Song of the Comforter: J. J. à Beckett: Scribner's.  
The Wizard Ha p: A Poem: Kate P. Osgood: Harp.  
Thou Reignest Still: Louise C. Moulton: Century.  
To an English Sparrow: George Horton: Century.  
Two Kings: William H. Hayne: Century Magazine.

## Political Questions:

Chilian Struggle for Liberty: R. L. Trumbull: Forum.  
National Ownership of Railways: C. W. Davis: Arena.  
Nihilists in Paris: J. H. Rosny: Harper's Magazine.  
Parliamentary Days in Japan: J. H. Wigmore: Scribner's.  
Pensions and Patriotism: Gen. Green B. Raum: N. A. R.  
Reform of the Senate: W. P. Garrison: Atlantic.  
Six Centuries of Self-Government: W. D. McCrackan: At.  
The Independent Party: R. B. Hassell: The Arena.  
Unity of Germany: Mme. Blaize de Bury: Arena.

## Religious and Philosophical:

Gladstone's Controversial Method: T. Huxley: P. S. M.  
Huxley and the Swine Miracle: W. E. Gladstone: P. S. M.  
Psychic Experiences: Sara A. Underwood: Arena.  
Scientific Basis of Belief: R. H. Thurston: N. A. R.

## Scientific and Industrial:

Abstract Research and Practical Invention: Clerke: P. S.  
Evolution of Woolen Manufacture: S. North: P. S. M.  
From Fetish to Hygiene: Andrew D. White: P. S. M.  
Ginseng in Commerce: J. Jones Bell: Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Greathead Underground Electric Railway: S. Sterne: F.  
Head-flattening among Navajos: R. Shufeldt: P. S. M.  
Placer Mining: Joseph P. Reed: Cosmopolitan.  
Possibilities of Steam Yachts: L. Herreshoff: N. A. Rev.  
Practical Outcome of Science: R. W. Conant: P. S. M.  
Value of Naval Manœuvres: J. R. Soley: N. Am. Rev.  
Value of Statistics: Carroll D. Wright: Pop. Sci. Mo.  
What is Inheritance?: Dr. Andrew Wilson: Harper's.

## Social and Domestic:

A Decade of Retrogression: F. K. Wischnewetzky: Forum.  
Dress and Adornment: W. H. Smith: Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Eleventh-Hour Labor: L. Gray Noble: Century.  
Gambling in High Life: Adam Badeau: Cosmopolitan.  
How to Rest: Dr. W. A. Hammond: No. Amer. Rev.  
Hypocrisy as a Social Debaser: R. W. Conant: P. S. M.  
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New Light on Jewish Question: G. Smith: N. A. Rev.  
Our Summer Migration: Edward Hungerford: Century.  
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Some American Riders: Th. A. Dodge: Harper's.  
The Era of Woman: B. O. Flower: The Arena.  
The New Political Party: Gov'r of Oregon: N. A. Rev.  
The State as an Immoral Teacher: Ouida: N. A. Rev.  
Trades-Unions for Women: Lady Dilke: N. A. Rev.  
Tyranny in Nationalism: Minot J. Savage: Arena.  
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Working Women of To-day: Helen Campbell: Arena.  
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Play in Provence: Joseph Pennell: Century Magazine.  
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Slav and the Indian Empire: C. B. Moore: Lippincott.  
The Ducal Town of the Uzès: T. A. Janvier: Cosmopolitan.  
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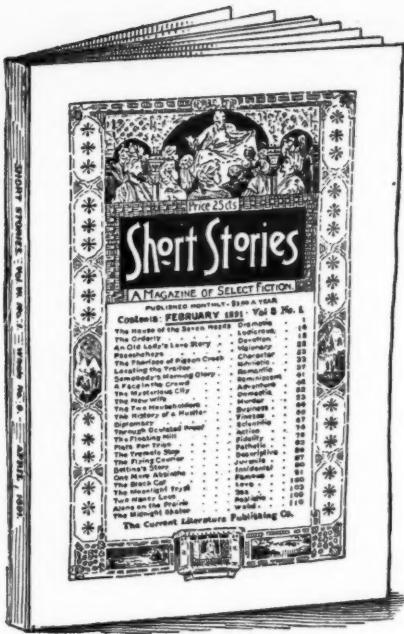
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## **Harper's Weekly :**

One of the most interesting and valuable of eclectic magazines is the monthly periodical recently established under the name of "Current Literature." The plan of this periodical is original. The selections are grouped together under appropriate headings, so as to constitute departments. The editorial reflection running through all this entertaining matter gives it not only unity, but additional interest.

## **The Chicago Tribune :**

"Current Literature," with its selections, magazine reference, and book index greatly comforts the busy and ambitious American, who without it must let the flood of contemporaneous writing slip by him; with it he may dip from the ever-flowing stream all the refreshment he needs.

## **The Boston Transcript :**

This magazine is unique among American publications. Its scope is more comprehensive than any one of them. After the reader has gone through the ordinary magazines of the month, with their purely original matter, he takes up "Current Literature" with an entirely different feeling. He is no longer circumscribed by the limits of the usual periodicals; the whole world is before him where to choose.

## **The New Orleans Picayune :**

"Current Literature" is the most widely eclectic magazine ever published. It makes its selections from the best magazines and newspapers in this country and Europe, and is a marvelously faithful reflex of contemporaneous literature all over the world. It is full of all kinds of good things for "all sorts and conditions of men," as Mr. Besant would put it.

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## **Atlanta Constitution :**

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This new publication delves so deeply in contemporaneous thought, that, instead of being a record, it would be nearer the mark to say that it is the fountain-head of inspiration. Certainly in all that constitutes force and literary finish, “Current Literature” is incomparable, while as a magazine of review, in mental breadth it grasps the world.

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It is a collection made with excellent taste and judgment of the best things in the newspapers of the day, the things far better worth preserving than much that is found in the magazines, but which has heretofore been entombed in the big, unwieldy files or dusty shelves in public libraries.

## **San Francisco Chronicle :**

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## **Boston Globe:**

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## **St. Louis Republic:**

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## **New York Sun :**

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## **Louisville Courier-Journal :**

“Current Literature” is the embodiment of that rare thing, a new idea—its comments upon literature are always interesting; and its selections are notable.

## **Washington Post :**

For the general reader there has never been published in this country a more interesting and valuable work than this magazine of record and review. It contains the best from all current sources, and it is put up in the very best shape.

## **Minneapolis Journal :**

Each succeeding number of this new magazine is simply a marvel of richness and variety. Any one who values the convenience of having the best things in current, as well as less recent literature, culled and classified, must appreciate the work done by the editors of this splendid publication.

## **Nashville American :**

Too much good cannot be written of this magazine; the difficulty is to keep in bounds when it is under discussion. One is as much surprised at the admirable manner in which it is edited as with the delightful matter presented. It is a genuine treat to sit down in the company of such a publication.

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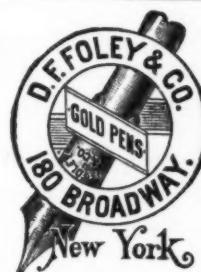
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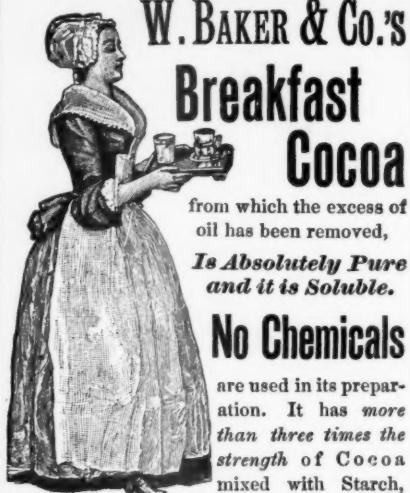
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